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THE

STRANGER IN AMERICA:

COMPRISING

SKETCHES OF THE MANNERS,

SOCIETY, AND NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF

THE UNITED STATES.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND IN EUROPE.

BY FRANCIS LIEBER,

..

EDITOR OF "THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE
STRANGER IN AMERICA.

LETTER I.

Rail road from Albany to Schenectady—Wearisomeness of rapid travelling—Anecdote—Enjoyments and contrasts—Curious post establishments—Swimming travellers—Various modes of travelling—Anecdote of the King of Prussia—The Empress Josephine and her grandson—Peculiar situation of kings—Cross breeding—Origin of mental alienation—Political excitement—Interesting cases of insanity.

FROM Albany to Schenectady, you travel by rail-road; and the least exciting of all travelling, it seems to me, is decidedly locomotion by steam on a rail-road. The traveller, whose train of ideas is always influenced by the man-

ner in which he proceeds, thinks in a steam car of nothing else but the place of his destination, for the very reason that he is moving so quickly. Pent up in a narrow space, rolling along on an even plain which seldom offers any objects of curiosity, and which, when it does, you pass by with such rapidity, that your attention is never fixed ; together with a number of people who have all the same object in view, and think like you of nothing else, but when they shall arrive at their journey's end—thus situated, you find nothing to entertain or divert you, except now and then a spark flying into the window of the car and burning a hole in a lady's veil, or otherwise exciting the interest of the travellers by a gentle smell of burning. There is no common conversation, no *rondo*-laugh, nothing but a dead calm, interrupted from time to time, only by some passenger pulling out his watch and uttering a sound of impatience, that a mile in four minutes is the rate of travelling on “ this line.”

Strange, that the most rapid travelling should be the most wearisome, but so it is; *les extremes se touchent*, always and every where.

The animal which comes nearest to the shape of man is the ugliest; gods and beggars go half naked, and kings and servants are called by their baptismal names; and Madame de Stael delighted in playing *soubrettes*, while sombre Shelley amused himself by letting little ships of paper float on the water.

I have mentioned Madame de Stael, and, in a former letter, Madame de Recamier; and now I will tell you an anecdote which ought not to be lost. A gentleman (who sailed with Captain Kotzebue round the world) told me, that, when he lived in Copet, in the house of the former—he took, one day, a sail in company with these two ladies and some gentlemen, on the lake of Geneva. They were overtaken by a storm, which at times is a very dangerous occurrence on that superb water. The whole party had a narrow escape, and when, in the evening at tea, they talked over their perils, Madame de Stael observed, “Had we all been drowned, it would have afforded a fine newspaper article; both the most beautiful woman of the age and the most gifted would have perished together.”

Rolling on in my swift car, I thought of all the different ways by which little earth-bound

man contrives to move from one place to another. If a man has health in his limbs, and money in his pocket, and time to spare, I agree with Rousseau, that there is but one way of travelling—that on foot, “provided always nevertheless” the country be interesting. It is impossible to learn half as much in any other way; and, as Seume says, it is easier to give a penny to a poor fellow when you are on foot than to throw it out of the coach window. This, to be sure, would not make much difference in our country, since you may travel many hundred miles, or live for many years in a place, without ever being asked for alms. I recollect very well, when I was addressed by a little beggar girl, in Boston, for the first time after a long residence. She belonged to emigrants who had lately arrived.

There is a zest in all enjoyments, even the meanest, when you travel on foot. To rise before daybreak and march into the day in a thick lonely forest; to lie down, after a long walk, under the rich foliage of a beech^e-tree, on the top of a mountain, from which you see into a valley variegated by nature and civilization; to take a refreshing bath after the journey, and go

to a library or gallery, or into the opera of a large city—are enjoyments and contrasts, which I can compare to no others.

To sit down in Switzerland, at ten o'clock in the morning, with a fine piece of cheese and a full tumbler of wine, after a march, begun just after sunrise, has given you a smart appetite, is a luxury of which but few who sit down to a dinner at a West End club-house know the keenness and pleasure. Next seems to come the travelling by way of swimming. Though I consider myself a pretty fair swimmer, I cannot say, that I should relish much the aquatic expeditions of the *correos que nadan*.* Poor amphibious post-boys, how you must feel when you descend the Guancabamba and Amazon, floating with your bombax stick, and the mail tied round your head! Naturalists mention, as something very remarkable, of the animal *homo*, that he alone is able to live in all climes. It seems to me much more surprising, indeed, that he can vegetate in all situations, from these paddling couriers, or the sooty chimney-sweeper, to the refined banker in Paris or one of the richest countesses in England; from the beggar

* Couriers who swim.—EDITOR.

at the door of a palace to its inmate, or the starving copyist of music or galley-slave to the dispenser of sinecures or a governor-general of the East Indies.

It is well that they have not in those countries, where the mail is carried along by swimmers, franked bushels of pamphlets and papers to send, as we have here. There are curious post-establishments in this world! I knew an old woman who spent her life in walking from Berlin to Posen, and from Posen to Berlin, about a hundred and forty miles. She was called the Living Gazette. Have you ever heard of the celebrated post-office of the whalers at Essex Bay, on one of the Gallapagos Islands in the Pacific? There is a cave, well secured against the weather, in which whalers deposit letters sometimes for the information of other whalers, sometimes to be taken home, when a returning fellow-hunter on the deep passes by. I had heard of it by whaling captains, and found it, afterwards, mentioned in Lieutenant Paulding's *Journal of a Cruise of the United States Schooner Dolphin among the Islands of the Pacific*,*—a little unassuming book, full of

* New York, 1831.—EDITOR.

interesting items. Lieutenant Paulding found a letter there safely deposited. This insulated fact shows strikingly the existence of a common bond and trust among civilized nations ; so does a letter deposited in a post-office of the farthest west of Missouri, which safely arrives in a village in the most eastern part of Germany, if it only has the two words "Via New York and Havre" on its direction. In the middle ages, there was a man who carried letters from Pomerania to the students of that country in the university of Paris, and when I lived in Rome the "courier" was yet existing, who regularly carried letters from Rome to Spain. And yet we are told the world goes back ; or is it maintained that improvements of this kind belong to the industry of nations only, which is allowed on all hands to improve rapidly, while, morally, we degenerate ? I would deny this ; there is morality in an intercourse of this kind between nations ; it requires a universal acknowledgment of certain broad principles of honour and morality.—It will yet happen, within the next hundred years, that letters are directed from London to Canton,

(perhaps, to Peking,) via New York and the city which will rise at the mouth of the Columbia River.

And now contrast the general post-office, as you may well call it, of the Gallapagos Islands with that in London. When I, for the first time, passed through the old London post-office, an unpretending narrow building, and found, written on a little table, "Mails due from Hamburg, Malta, Jamaica, Canada," with a long list of other places and islands all over the world, I was forcibly reminded, by this small board, of Great Britain's vast dominion, and knew of nothing with which to compare it, except the many confessionals in the nave of Rome's St. Peter, over each of which the name of a particular language is written, inviting the faithful of all nations to confess in their own tongue. Over one stands *Lingua Germanica*, over another *Lingua Gallica*, *Anglica*, *Hispanica*, *Hungarica*, *Lusitana*, *Neogræca*, &c.

But, to return to my swimming travellers. The peasants of a certain part of Bavaria sometimes journey in a manner not much different from the Indian in the Amazon. They take

large logs of wood, dispose somehow or other of their little baggage, place themselves in a riding position on the hind end, and down they go, much in the beaver fashion, their feet dangling all the time in the water.

Travelling on horseback is, in some countries, very agreeable. Man's thoughts are freer on the back of an animal, whose four legs are his own, as Mephistopheles correctly suggests. But the care of a horse, his liability to indispositions, the regular rests which he requires, and the slowness of this way of travelling, are serious drawbacks to employing a horse's back for our seat. We cannot, besides, speed our journey by taking, now and then, a "lift" in the stage-coaches, as we may do when we go on foot; and it is very convenient to cross rapidly an uninteresting country, like skipping over an insipid passage of an otherwise good book. To ride on a mule with a caravan of muleteers is always interesting; for the muleteer has a thousand amusing and instructive things and anecdotes to tell you; provided nature has given you the skill of easily assimilating with people of this class. A peculiar gift of the kind is not, however, required, at least in any

uncommon degree, when you pass over the mountains from France to Spain; when the girl who takes care of the mule, rides with you on the same faithful animal; words are then found easily.

To travel in a sedan must be abominable. When I went up Vesuvius I could not even endure the idea of seeing men labouring hard in the heat of the sun only to move my flesh and skeleton; and preferred paying something to the men who offered themselves, and going up alone. However, in India it is often impossible to travel in any other way, and people soon accustom themselves to see the trotting bipeds under the litter on which they recline. To travel post-haste, either on an ostrich, as Mr. Moore has seen, or on a dolphin with Arion, or on a cannon-ball, as Münchhausen tried, jumping from one twenty-four pounder, shot into the fortress, upon another, shot out of it—or navigating the air in Zambullo's style, by holding fast to the mantle of the *diable boiteux*—or, which is the equal of any of these, sliding from the snowy mountain tops on a small sledge in the Swiss fashion, I do not believe will generally be considered the *ne plus ultra* of comfort. A camel

in the desert makes you *sea-sick*, during the first days, and I have never been rocked in a howdah on an elephant's back. Nor has it been my lot to try the Esquimaux dog or the reindeer. On an ass I have travelled, and its short, broken step is paradisiacal comfort compared to a ride on a cow, to which I was once obliged to resort, in the army, when I had hurt myself by a fall. The toilsome journeying in our farthest west, when by turns the canoe carries you and you carry the canoe, and when the packages and provisions are taken over the portages by the trotting *voyageurs* in the way that cats carry a number of kittens from one place to another—by running to and fro, and thus transporting the goods by instalments—is a style of travelling which cannot abound in pleasure.

But now, we have all sorts of travelling in wagons, carts, and coaches; from the rickety one-horse omnibus in the south of France, to the proud and flying mail-coach in England—from the wagon of the New England emigrant, to the *vettorino* from Florence to Rome—and from the snail-like, ancient post baggage-wagon, to the light Tartar in Turkey: and then there is all the travelling by water, from the raft on

the Rhine, or the American rivers, to the refined packet of New York and Philadelphia—from the boat on the Nile, where you are devoured by insects, to our boat on the grand canal, where you must look out not to arrive in Buffalo without a head—from the slow market-boat between Mayence and Frankfort, to the darting steamboat in our west. But there would never be an end, were we to enumerate all the ways of crawling and creeping, which it after all remains, of bustling man. Only of one more way of compound locomotion will I tell you.

It is said that Frederic William I., King of Prussia, who liked a joke, though it might be a rude one, overheard a peasant saying to his companion, that if he were the king he would not move otherwise than in a sedan. “You shall try it,” said the king, stepping forward; and soon after the wished-for conveyance was brought. The peasant stepped in, but the king had ordered the bottom to be taken out—and now the carriers began to run, and wind about, forward and backward, over stones and through mire, until the shins of the poor fellow within were deplorably sore. At length they

halted—and when the king asked the peasant how he was pleased with the royal conveyance, he answered, “Uncommonly, sire, uncommonly ; only, to say the truth, if it were not for the honour, it would be almost like walking.” Don’t you think there are many things in this life very much like this sedan ? and, alas ! kings themselves are but too often obliged to go through honourable but shin-breaking procedures of this kind. How often do they not look with envy upon a simple, healthful pedestrian,—whose whole power of self-locomotion still remains inviolate,—from their gilt and ornamented, but narrow and uncomfortable incasement, in which, however splendid it may be, they remain men like all their fellow-creatures—with the same pains and desires, and not an inch higher from the ground than those, who, in their turn, admire and envy them.

I thought this would be “positively the last” anecdote, but I am bold enough to take the Russian ultimatums to the Porte, for my example. Were there not four of them ? The train which my ideas took by the last anecdote, calls up another, which is of too generic and representative a character, to be omitted. You

will thank me for communicating it to you, when I tell you, that I have it from a source, which allows no doubt of its truth; besides, the whole is but natural.

The Empress Josephine had sent some exquisite Parisian toys to her little and favorite grandson, Louis, the son of the King of Holland. When they were unpacked, and the queen of Holland, who was a most tender mother, was anticipating the pleasure of her child, the prince disappointed her entirely, by the little interest he seemed to take in all the beautiful toys and contrivances around him. He would look at them, but always return to the window from which he looked out, with a longing desire, into the street. “Louis, are you not charmed with these beautiful play-things?”—“Yes, but”—“What is your desire? look here, with what tender care the Empress has chosen these handsome play-things to give you pleasure?”—“Oh, they are very fine, but——” “But what, my child? can you wish for any thing else? don’t you feel grateful to grand-mamma?”—“Yes, certainly I do.”—“But they do not seem to amuse you much!” “They do; but, mamma, if I only could walk for a short

time in the mud there, with that child in the square !”

A friend of mine instructed Princess ——, in German, and for a long time, he could not bestow a more acceptable reward upon his royal pupil, than by telling her of the rustic and primitive life of some peasants on the continent ; on the same principle that every tale for peasant girls must begin with, “ ‘There was a beautiful princess.’ ”

Every great monarch has been glad to throw off, at times, the lacing of royalty and to appear like an equal of others. Harun Alreshid, Charlemagne, Henry IV., Frederic the Great, Napoleon, all have enjoyed this pleasure, though but for a moment. To say the truth, I should think it must be a tedious way, *di campare*,* to be born for a throne, without uncommon capacity ; to be above the law, to owe nothing to one’s own exertions, and to be from birth at the

* Italian, for “ getting along.” We were one evening addressed in Naples by a man, who looked reduced in his circumstances indeed, but had nevertheless the clerical distinctions of dress. We expressed our amazement at being asked for alms by a person in this dress, when we received the answer, “ *Ah ! chè vuol, signore, così si campa.* ”—(Ah, sir, what use is it to talk ? thus we must try to get along.)—EDITOR.

ne plus ultra of life. This, undoubtedly, is one of the great reasons why so many monarchs have loved conquest. They want to be active; the meanest of their subjects can say, "This I have done;" they alone find every thing done to their hands. Lucian was not wrong when he pitied the gods for their Olympic ennui. Kings are always something of a Dalai Lama; honoured and revered outlaws;—sacrifices to society, whose welfare often requires one visible being above the law, just to fill a place that no continual quarrel for it shall disturb the peace. I am thankful for being under the law, a citizen, a whole man; for man was created to be a being under the law. Or, must we presume, that for the very reason which elevates monarchs above the common interests, and cares, and pangs of ambition, they seek a higher sphere of activity, and strive to do good for its own sake? That, from their peculiar situation they have an immense start before other men, and can deliver, when three years old, a speech "with peculiar grace," as Croly says, in his *Life of George IV.*, the prince did, when receiving the society of Ancient Britons on St. David's day? History records, as yet, no such necessary con-

sequence, and every book of memoirs shows us, that kings have all the same petty troubles, jealousies, pains, and griefs, that we have; tooth-ache, gout, and all the other elements of vexation of our mortal bodies; and as strong a disrelish of a minister's popularity, as the minister has of his first secretary.

It has often appeared to me, that since the succession by primogeniture has been firmly established in Europe, which was the only way of securing those advantages which are peculiar to monarchies, there is no situation less enviable, than that of a brother to a king or crown-prince. With all the privations of the monarch, and they are numberless indeed, they have not his power, and must see the same honour, due to their birth, paid to greatness risen by merit. There are but few princes who create their own sphere, as the noble Prince Henry, the Navigator. Why?—have not many the power to promote, in a similar way, knowledge, or art, or the progress of discovery?—Simply because they are princes by birth.

Yet there are two sides to every subject, and a prince to whom has been given a noble soul, can do much good in certain ways, for the very

reason that he is so fixedly elevated, and yet not the actual ruler. Only it requires a truly noble soul, to pass uninjured through the ordeal of high elevation from earliest infancy.

Esquirol, in his Lectures, states that the proportion of deranged monarchs to other people under an alienation of mind is as sixty to one—a bitter comment upon the principle of legitimacy! since Esquirol ascribes to the want of cross-breeding, this proportion, so enormous, even if we make all possible allowance for the fact, that not a single deranged ruler escapes public notice, while the lists of lunatic subjects will always be defective. If Esquirol be correct in assigning this cause for so startling a fact, we should have another reason against the philosophy of the principle, for the first time officially pronounced by the Congress of Vienna, that a legitimate heir to a throne can be only an individual descended from two parents legitimately descending from sovereign families. Strange, some countries are peculiarly jealous of the birth-right of their citizens, and will not allow a foreigner to hold as much as an inferior office; and, according to the principle of legitimacy, as now observed, the monarch, in whom all nation-

ality ought to concentrate, must always be half a foreigner; and some dynasties never can become naturalized by blood, e. g. the Hanoverian race on the English throne, which was, and ever has remained German in blood and bone. The same is the case with the Holstein race, on the throne of Russia, and, in other cases, it leads to the result that a foreigner rules over a nation peculiarly proud of its nationality; of which we have an instance in the present government of Spain. The same was the case with the mother of Louis XIV., with Mary of Medici, Catherine of Russia, and many other sovereigns.

Monarchies will yet last for many nations a long time, owing to their state of political as well as social development, or to their relations with other states; but even Chateaubriand said, in the chamber of peers, on the 19th of April, 1831, "I do not believe in the divine right of kings," and "monarchy is no longer a religion; it is a political form." Nay, even the Duke of Fitz-James waived the idea of divine right, and appealed to the people. Our time has seen so many thrones tumbling down and in the state of being raised, has seen so many crowns handed round like dishes of no peculiar attraction, and

of which the "refusal" at most was asked, that the only safe authority for a crown, is reason and the interest of the people; but as to prolonging the belief that there is something peculiar in an anointed race, an actual difference between the blood of a ruling family and other blood,—why, people who have gone through our time and seen dozens of kings stripped of their purple, and appearing like any other mortal beings, and who have had, by memoirs and documents, so many peeps behind the curtain, cannot, even if they wished it, force such a theory upon their belief. Plain naked facts would stand fight with it, even in the most loyal mind of a devout continental tory; he might as well force himself to believe three times three are ten; facts are facts, and must remain such to the world's end.

The more times have advanced, the more has royalty been enabled to rest its power upon moral grounds. The kings of Prussia are never crowned, and if we compare a monarch of northern Europe with an Asiatic ruler, surrounded by the trappings and pompous show of eastern despotism, and consider how much less of the forms and formalities of royalty is, in our times,

found to be necessary for giving it stability and authority, than but a century ago, we shall come to the conclusion, that the time may not be too far when it will not be considered any longer dangerous, that dynasties should continue their race without exposing themselves to the frightful consequences pointed out by Esquirol.

However, I must confess to you, that some farther proof ought to be brought to support the assertion of that distinguished man, that the "breeding in and in," as it is termed, of the European dynasties, is the only cause of the enormous frequency of derangement which dwells under crowns. In former ages, not a few consorts of monarchs have, with the most maternal feeling for their people, taken care of a proper admixture of renovating blood in their race. *Beaux Rantzaus* are not so exceedingly rare in European history ; and, though I know it is asserted, and, I believe, pretty well tested, that Jews, Quakers, and Catholics, in England, produce more insane people than others, owing, as it seems, to their marrying generally among themselves, yet I do not remember having read that in those villages in Europe, the inhabitants of which marry hardly ever a girl out of their

place, and often have but one family name, insanity is met with more often than in other villages. An inquiry of this kind would be interesting and very easy. There are many peasants who would have the best claim to high nobility, if belonging to an "old family" constitutes one of the chief ingredients of *noblesse*. That cross-breeding improves the race I have little doubt, on the principle that the farmer, both in Europe and America, exchanges grain with his neighbour, to avoid deterioration. As far as my observation goes, I must say, that I have generally found bright children in the families of parents of two different nations, though I allow that this result can be accounted for in a different way. This, at first sight, would appear to be in favour of the ruling dynasties, but we must recollect, that they have thoroughly mixed so many years since, that they form, by this time, one general race, and, again, it has been found by many travellers, that, in large capitals, the situation of which invites people of many different nations to settle within them, those classes in which all nations mix for a long time, receive an addition in a breed, which is far from being desirable for a good population.

Whatever is born, constructed, or contrived in this nether world, carries with it the germ of dissolution. The very principle which gives it life or start becomes the cause of its decline. Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, can give great *élan* to a nation ; but the principle of legitimacy carries within it the germ of change, equally with the principle of universal suffrage. Nothing shall last for ever, except the plans of the great Ruler.

How does, on the other hand, our system of politics affect the mind ? Are the frequent excitements, which penetrate into the smallest arteries of our whole social system, not productive of much evil in this very particular ? Aristotle, even in his time, observed the great prevalence of insanity among politicians, and Esquirol says, that a history of the French revolution might be written from the variety of cases to be found in a French insane hospital, so much has each convulsive change of politics and government affected the hopes, desires, ambition, or happiness of a number of persons, strengthened as this effect was, by a very universal absence of that confidence which firmly relies on the guiding care of a kind and wise

supreme Ruler. Do then our politics not lead, with many individuals, to any alienation of mind? Certainly many act in a way which would make the observer suppose that but the final disappointment in the result of an election is wanting in order to lead them one step farther—to the loss of reason?

I have paid some attention to this subject, so worthy of inquiry and from my visits to the insane hospitals in the United states, I am inclined to believe that political disappointment is very rarely the final cause of loss of reason. I say, from my visits to these hospitals; for it seemed to me that the view of the causes of insanity, now often adopted among English physicians, and which ascribes the origin of alienation to physical causes alone, is very frequently to be found also among American physicians. That I cannot subscribe to this opinion, appears from the remarks I have already made. The proofs to the contrary seem to me numerous and conclusive, if patient investigation, unbiassed by preconceived ideas, or a fondness for a system, or some general views, be given to the matter. However, I am not going to give you a medical treatise.

How much the frequent recurrence of political excitement may gradually dispose many individuals in this country, finally to fall victims to a disturbance of the mental faculties, I have had, of course, no opportunity to observe. But, as I stated, I believe that the frequent changes in politics are not pregnant with the same disastrous consequences here as they have been in other countries, for instance, in France. Several good reasons, it seems to me, may be given for this difference. And first, the very frequency of elections neutralizes the injurious effect, which, otherwise, the disappointment they necessarily must bring to one party, would have on the mind of many individuals. To day a man is thrown out, a party vanquished,—to morrow he goes to work again, and hopes for success the next time. Secondly, however great the excitement may appear, on paper or in words, the people know very well that their lives and property are not in jeopardy; that whatever party may come in or go out, the broad principles of the whole system will be acted upon, the general laws will be observed.

Should it ever come with us to that point, that the monstrous idea should prevail, that

liberty exists there only where the majority can do what they please—while, on the contrary, the degree of existing liberty can justly be measured only by the degree of undoubted protection which the minority enjoys, and the degree in which the sovereign, be he one or many, or represented by the majority, is restricted, by fundamental laws, from acting on sudden impulses and impassioned caprices, to which a body of men is as subject as a single man—should it ever come with us to this absolutism, for absolutism is there where the representative of sovereignty can act capriciously and uncontrolled; then, indeed, our insane hospital would become as much the direful records of man's fickleness as, according to Esquirol, the French hospitals now are. Thirdly, there is in this country no dishonour whatever connected either with being turned out of office or being vanquished at an election. It is no shame to be defeated. One party must be victorious, and the other tries to be so the next time. An American, as the member of a party, may be defeated, he is never conquered. Persecutions do not take place; the successful party does not annihilate its opponents—each party con-

tinues to have its meetings, papers, &c. And, as in those periods in which many persons are discharged from public places, it is most openly acknowledged that politics alone is the reason, all blemish which may be attached to the loss of an office in public service, in countries where no such changes occur, must vanish ; while, again, the country offers so many opportunities of gaining one's livelihood, that, also, in this respect, a loss of office is not so ruinous as in France, where a man often thinks his honour is gone, and his career for ever destroyed, as soon as he is thrown out of public employment. The frequency of changes, likewise, prevents the higher offices from becoming the objects of so ardent an ambition as to affect seriously the mental faculties of the disappointed candidate.

As I have touched upon this subject, I may mention here an interesting case of alienation, with which I met in the Manhattanville hospital, near New York. The individual to whom I refer, a man apparently of the lower classes, laboured under the very common delusion of being a monarch. He called himself Henry I., I think, emperor of the United States. He was

an ardent newspaper reader, and the interest of the case lay in the readiness with which his disturbed mind assimilated whatever he read to his presumed state of royalty, and the rapidity with which it invented causes of which what he read appeared to him the consequences, precisely in the same way as our mind, when we are asleep, and some pain affects us, often invents, in dreaming, various causes of which, according to the dream, this pain is the final effect, though, in reality, it is the cause of the whole dream. The patient read in my presence the news relating to the election of the governor of his state, and immediately showed me that and how he appointed him, turning, with great ingenuity, the various data of the election into items of his story, with a zeal and earnestness, as if all the cares of government had rested on his shoulders. So he showed me some cents, which, according to him, were medals coined on occasion of some victories which he had gained, pointing out to me a number of emblematic allusions, the images of which his diseased mind undoubtedly perceived in that moment.

In speaking of derangement, I remember a circumstance, which will not be without interest

to you, though it be irrelevant in this place. The physician of an establishment for the insane, introduced me to a gentleman under his care, who betrayed no symptoms whatever of a disturbed mind, yet his faculties were deranged. He held a book in his hand, which, he informed me, he was perusing with great interest. It was Dr. Spurzheim's work on insanity. He praised it in some respects, in others he criticized it, and when I declared, on one occasion, my dissent from his opinion, he assured me that he knew what he maintained from his own experience, and never have I heard any one speak more rationally on insanity than this deranged man. The conversation became too painful to me, and I wished to break it off, but he perceived the cause of my desire, and tried very calmly to quiet my apprehensions. One of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia told me, that he owns a copy of Dr. Rash's work on insanity, with notes throughout by a deranged man, who formerly was in the hospital of Philadelphia.

The appalling frequency of alienation of mind, in some parts of our country, is chiefly owing to other causes, at least final causes, than

politics. It is religious excitement, I believe, together with a diseased anxiety to be equal to the wealthiest, the craving for wealth and consequent disappointment, which ruins the intellect of many. But of that more anon.

LETTER II.

The grand canal--American activity--Floating companies of actors--German emigrants--Nationality of the Irish--Homesickness of the Swiss--Anecdote of a Danish soldier--Love of people for their trade--Love of country--The Germans and French--Anecdote--German toys--Practical turn of mind of the Americans--A turtle--German and English libraries--American paper.

AT Schenectady you may take passage in a canal boat; I would advise every traveller, who has not yet seen the Grand Canal, to do so. The valley of the Mohawk, along which the canal goes as far as Rome, is in many parts very beautiful, and seen to much greater advantage from the canal boat than from a stage coach; and it is well worth the while to become acquainted with this great work—a clamp by which the west of this union is tightly fastened

to the east and north ; one of the great siphons which equalizes prices and wages in this vast country, and thus contributes not a little to the stability of our political existence. It is, indeed, as yet, the greatest monument which this part of the world affords, of man's conquering superiority over matter. Yet, perhaps, it will be outstripped by the noble communication which Pennsylvania is leading over mountains and through valleys westward to the Ohio, and which, if finished, will prove for ever the boldness of its projector. On the other hand, the New York canal was the first of these extensive works ;—a fact which will remain a great testimony in the history of civilization, in favour of the state which gave it birth. It shows Göthe's good sense, that the progress of this canal interested him so much.

I will send you, by the next opportunity, a copy of the Laws of the State of New York in Relation to the Erie and Champlain Canals, &c., Albany, 1825, where you will find, in detail, an official history of these great works. The study of this undertaking has been a source of deep interest to me, and I doubt not it will be so to you. I shall add Darby's View of the United

States, which will give you a much more accurate view of the geological character of these parts of the country, than an account of mine could afford you ; and as the natural features of the United States do not change quite as rapidly as the statistics, the book will be still valuable when you receive it. As to the statistics, an author, I should almost think, would feel tempted to say nothing about them, and follow the example of the editors of the New Hampshire Laws, published by authority in 1830, who thought fit to put the following sagacious notice on the title-page of their collection. “ This edition comprehends all the general and public statutes now in force, *excepting* an act passed the 3rd day of January, 1829, entitled ‘ An act establishing a board of road commissioners for laying out and repairing highways,’ *which is omitted under the expectation that it will be repealed at the ensuing session of the Legislature.*” For our statistics and every feature imprinted upon the country by civilization are continually undergoing so rapid changes, that what was true a year ago, may be antiquated to-day.

These immense canals send branches into

many directions, by which they are connected with navigable rivers, lakes, and roads, nor is this system by any means completed. Branch canals and rail-roads are continually adding; nay, rail-roads are building along the canal, as if there were no end to American activity. Thus the building of a rail-road from Albany to Utica, will soon begin, the company being already incorporated. Could but a little of this quickness in practical perception, and boldness in embarking in the most daring enterprises, be engrafted upon German steadiness and thoroughness, it would produce fine fruits indeed. But it must be remembered, how different an aspect all Germany would present, were she not chopped into pieces, and could enterprise as freely work its way into all directions as in this extensive and untrammelled country.

When the canal was first opened, farmers, whose property lay close to this great blood-vessel of the state, had their own barges to carry their produce to advantageous markets; but the navigation of all kinds, for goods and passengers, who required good accommodations, became within a short time so brisk, that private navigation, if I can use this expression as

contradistinguished to company navigation, soon ceased. There are yet many proprietors of single barges, but they make a business of canal navigation; no farmers, as I understand, have any longer boats for their own use.—You know that the state derives a very great revenue from this source.

It is interesting to see how this easy intercourse makes, we might almost say, one place out of many habitations, at distances from one another, which would otherwise be considered great. It is likewise worthy of attention, that, whereas in the common course of things, the vender is usually stationary and the buyer goes to him; here, on the other hand, as in the primary stages of society, the seller moves from place to place—a way of trafficking which extends to the smallest details; it is, if you choose to call it so, an aquatic peddling.

Even knowledge is brought in this way within the reach of the inhabitants of detached houses, by floating circulating libraries. On the Mississippi, this system of hawking has been extended, in some branches, still farther. There are on that river several floating companies of actors. They sail in their flat boats, fitted up

for theatres, from plantation to plantation, perform and break up when their receipts do not warrant a longer stay. The Chapman family were the first who conceived the clever idea of leading Thalia to the door of every spectator, instead of calling him to her temple, and of teaching Melpomene to lead an amphibious life. Here, then, the scarcity of population produces a similar effect to what results in some parts of China, from over population.

When I came down from Utica to Schenectady, on my way home, I believe that not two hours passed without our meeting one or several barges laden with Germans—excellent stock for Michigan, whither most proceeded, as they told me in passing. “As many of them as you can spare,” said an American to me: “they are all useful men provided they will mix; their steadiness finds ample reward on those fertile plains in the west.” Amen, said I, and thought of Pope Nicholas V., who, in 1451, charged the ambassador of the Teutonic Order to import for him a number of Germans, to be employed in the papal *chancery*, on account of their trustiness and industrious habits.

How easily do these emigrants seem to sever

themselves from their native country, if we compare their willingness to emigrate or contentment in foreign regions, with the ideas of an ancient colonist or exile ! When a number of Greeks left their beloved country to colonise a spot, distant for the diminutive dimensions of antiquity, they took with them a lamp lighted by the sacred fire of their temple. They took their gods with them, and yet would for many generations consider Greece their true home, toward which the most anxious wishes of their heart steadily pointed. When a man was banished from the narrow territory of his native city, he felt himself deprived of the customs of his people, of his legal rights, of his gods—he was henceforth but half a man. An Athenian in Sparta, was a stranger indeed.

In the middle ages, the Christian religion was spread over all Europe, and with greater uniformity even than at present ; yet the intercourse not only between nations, but also between petty states and cities, was of a kind to deprive an individual, thrown among strangers, of many of the rights most necessary for his well being. It was exceedingly difficult for him to find a new home. Nor were, at that time, social inter-

course and the common habits of men founded upon so universal and broad principles, as to allow the foreigner to feel himself at ease. The Florentine wept in Ferrara or Venice, for his home, his *patria*, we cannot say *his country*.

It is far different now. An emigrant leaves the place of his birth, travels many hundred miles through a foreign country, crosses the wide ocean, travels a thousand miles into the interior of another hemisphere, and builds his hut. He is among strangers, it is true, yet he finds there the same dress, the same manners, the same principles of morality, the same God. If the language which surrounds him in his new country, be not his native tongue, the sentiments, views, and customs of the people, whose neighbour he has become, are mainly those with which he has grown up, and the friendlessness of a foreign tongue, which must have weighed most heavily upon the mind of an exile in antiquity, loses much of its asperity. There is a catholicism in modern morality, knowledge, and civilization, which makes an individual belonging to the European family, feel easier at home, wherever he may be within the pale of European civilization. This ease, I

willingly allow, is greater still among the great families of nations, into which the European race is divided. A German will generally find himself sooner at home among English or Americans, than a Frenchman or Italian. A Pole, perhaps, less so than either; yet to whatever nation he may belong, if he be but of one of the most civilized nations, he will feel more at home with any of the others, than a man of Epirus did in Argolis. And an Egyptian could hardly have lived in Messenia.

I have often tried to ascertain whether emigrants of the class, to which most of those belong who go to America, feel homesick after they have resided for some time in this country. Italians and French never give up the hope of regaining their native shore. Germans, English, Scotch, and Irish, assimilate much easier with the natives of this country, and join in its whole national system. The natural talent of a German to acquire a foreign language may contribute much to his greater ease in assimilating. The advantage which the emigrants of the three other countries have, in point of language, over all the rest,

need not be mentioned. The French form, in the larger cities, where there is a sufficient number of them, a circle much for themselves; and I have known a lady, who came to this country when fifteen years old, from St. Domingo, at the time of the insurrection of the negroes in that island, and whose husband was a zealous admirer of American institutions; who, nevertheless, had not learned to speak, still less to read, English, when I became acquainted with her, but a year ago. In Berlin, I knew of a French silk weaver who did not know German after he had resided more than twenty-five years in that city, and must have been obliged, by his station in society, to live in continual contact with the natives.

I may, however, mention here a fact, which surprises a foreigner much, when he first arrives in this country; which is, that the Irish,—in spite of what I have said above of their facility in assimilating with the Americans,—clan more together than the emigrants of any other nation. They, in fact, openly retain their name, and often, in the very moment that they make use of the highest privileges of citizenship which

any country can bestow, they do it under the banner of Irishmen. There is no election in any of the large cities without some previous calls upon the "true-born sons of Ireland," to vote so or so. On the election day itself banners are seen floating from the windows of taverns,* some of which, you may be certain,

* By the by, there is among other laws of the canton Lausanne, in Switzerland, relating to the safe management of elections. one which prohibits the opening of winehouses or shops where liquors of any kind are sold, or the sale of liquors in any other way. If this be done in wine countries, what ought we to do in a grog-country? Reports of temperance societies have already designated election days as peculiarly mischievous with regard to intemperance. If our whole political system finally rests upon the votes of the citizens, it is certainly within the pale of state legislation to take such measures as to insure the weakest and most decrepit old man a free passage to the ballot-box—that sacred covenant of our liberty; the safety of which has, as to our national existence, precisely the same importance as, in monarchies, the assurance of the legitimate birth of the monarch. Make the ballot-box unsafe, and we have the worst, the very worst times of Rome at once. On whatever principle a government may be founded, that principle must be sustained in its purity, or convulsions are the necessary consequence, more or less violent, according to the previous dissolution of the elements which compose the state—and our principle is the ballot-box. He who disturbs with us free and calm voting, whether secretly or openly, commits the greatest high treason which a citizen of the United States can commit, a much greater one, in our opinion, than Arnold committed. Infamy ought to be attached to this spe-

are ornamented with mottos having reference to the Irish alone. They go farther, sometimes; they will bring forward their own candidate, if they feel strong enough. All this is, to speak guardedly, at least, impolite towards the natives, who receive the foreigner with a degree of national hospitality unequalled by any other nation. Every career on the wide field of enterprise which is open to the natural citizens of this republic, is equally open to the naturalized. After the brief period of five years' residence, any alien may take the citizen's oath, and this done, he enjoys every privilege of which a free-born American can boast, an unstinted citizenship, with the single exception that he cannot become a president of the United States. The least that could be expected, in return for such

cies of high-treason, and no more important truth can be impressed upon our children, at home and in school, than this, that if we make all our politics depend upon the will of the people, it is barbarity and crime to throw obstacles in the legitimate way of expressing this will—an incongruity from which necessarily and directly the worst species of all despotism must result. It would be crime in an individual, three times accursed crime, if government ever should attempt it—much worse than turning against the nation the arms which it places in their hands to defend it.—EDITOR.

a boon, it should be supposed, would be the frankest and most heartfelt union, in every thing, with the nation, which so hospitably makes no difference between its own sons and the new comers. But the Irish are desirous of becoming Americans and yet remaining Irish ; and this serving of two masters will not do. Whatever the inmost feelings of an emigrant toward his native country may be, and with every generous heart will be, as a citizen of America, he should be American and American only, or let him remain alien. As the latter, he is protected as much by the law of the land as is a citizen ; there is no necessity whatever for his becoming naturalized. It is, therefore, with great concern, that a good citizen must observe that disturbances at elections are not unfrequently caused by those who do not enjoy their citizenship by birthright, sometimes by those who do not enjoy it at all.

What are the reasons that the Irish in this country clan more together than the emigrants of any other nation ? I believe they are three-fold. First, more Irish than people of other countries come to the United States, and, as I think I have observed in a previous letter, they

have a predilection for large cities, so that they remain in greater numbers together. Secondly, the Irish feel that they have been wronged in their country; they have, in a degree, been driven from it; the feelings with which they look back to it are, therefore, of a more intense character than they would otherwise be; or, if this be not the case, they feel among themselves the strong tie of bearing one common wrong. Thirdly, they are encouraged to this clanship by party men; their Irish feelings are flattered and excited, in order to win them; they are called upon as Irish, in order to gain their votes, which become, in some quarters of large cities, or, indeed, in some whole counties, at times, very important, when, otherwise, the parties might be nearly balanced.

Let me throw in, here, the remark, though it be not quite in its place, that the common language of the English, Scotch, Irish, and Americans, causes the last, unconsciously to themselves, to consider emigrants of the three first nations, when settled among them, nearer akin than those of other countries. There are many Irish in congress, of whom it is hardly known that they are strangers by birth. I have been

told a story, which I feel inclined to believe. A German offered himself for a professorship of one of the colleges in the middle states ; he was unsuccessful in his application ; and it was pretty generally understood, that a native would be preferred ; but a short time after, an Irish gentleman obtained the chair, certainly not on account of his superiority. This, however, is not always the course of things ; for instance, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there are two Germans who hold prominent professorships. But if you glance over the list of officers of the United States, you will find very many Irish ; nor does any difficulty arise at the appointment of one of that people, while the contrary would, probably, be the case were a German, or Frenchman by birth, to offer himself for a place, which easily might be filled by some one else. This, I think, is not quite fair ; the Irish emigrants do by no means deserve more confidence, than those of other countries ; and though the existence of a common language may naturally lead the Americans not to feel so strongly the difference between themselves and the Irish, they ought to be careful not to act upon this feeling, whenever they are called

upon to guide their judgment in any matter which may arise in relation to this subject.

Those Swiss who usually emigrate to this country come from the lower part of Switzerland, and are, therefore, less subject to that home-sickness, which, in its patients, assumes the character of a true disease. If I am right, there are three chief causes of this peculiar affection of the nervous system, which begins with an oppression of the heart, and produces a pain of a compound character: it consists half of affliction, half of a physical and very distinct pain, which it has in common with every oppression of the heart, if it continue for any length of time, and from whatever cause it may originate. I do not know whether this be always the beginning, but it was so in a case, than which there could be none more favourable for my personal observation. It is this pain and restlessness, which fill the mind, day and night, with images, still more disturbing it, and deprive the body throughout of its necessary elasticity. Thus, as in so many other cases, the effect of one stage becomes the more powerful cause of the next, until the mind has no longer any mastery over the disease, and rapid decline

is the necessary consequence. There is no doubt, in my mind, but that in many cases, the patient has it in his power to stifle the disease in its incipient stages ; as there are a number of other afflictions, which might be thus arrested by a decided will. Any man, who has served in an army visited by disasters, will testify to the truth of what I say. When the mind of the soldier is depressed, his body becomes more disposed to a variety of diseases ; hence, there are always so many sick on retreats. It is then that a decided will, not to be sick, often can parry off the beginning and, consequently, the whole disease. But to proceed to the enumeration of my causes.

Home-sickness may be occasioned by an overwhelming mass of new ideas, impressions, and new relations in life. When the Swiss, who has lived his whole life in the solitude and simplicity of his high Alps, descends into more populous countries, where a brisk intercourse between the various members of society exists, he finds himself in so totally new a world, that he cannot feel at ease. I have been told that the inhabitants of Hiddensoe, near Rugen, who live on their barren island in the simplest possible

way, half under ground, and feeding hardly upon any thing but fish, are home-sick, when kept long from the spot of their birth. They are accustomed to the simplicity and monotony of their island and the surrounding sea, and feel uneasy in the bustling world. So will often the soldier, from some distant frontier province of Austria, hasten home, though he may have risen in the army to a rank which opens to him any society in Vienna. So strives the Indian to regain his silent woods, or the half-bred hunter, to quit Quebec. Incipient stages of this sickness may be observed in the uncomfortable feeling which disturbs the mind of an individual who has been accustomed to a quiet life, and is suddenly thrown into the bustle of a noisy world. But in no case has the peculiar character of this disease shown itself more decidedly than in Caspar Hauser. He was so overwhelmed by all the impressions of the world, when he was first taken from his dungeon, that he felt exceedingly unhappy, complained of constant head-ache, and longed to return to "his hole." * In this instance, there were no bold or beautiful features of nature, no endeared family

* See our note, vol. i.—EDITOR.

circle, or memento of his childhood, to reclaim the wanderer; it was the variety of new impressions, which weighed him down and haunted him back.

Another cause of home-sickness, is the striking peculiarity of the objects which may have surrounded an individual from early childhood, and the images of which have become so associated with the movements of his mind, that he cannot feel happy for any length of time, if not surrounded by them. It is not necessary, that they be beautiful, or should have been the source of happiness to him; it is, in many cases, sufficient that they are strikingly peculiar and different from any thing else with which he meets. Often, indeed, this cause operates in union with the first, and becomes thus the more powerful. Such is the case with the Swiss, and with the unsettled inhabitant of the desert, who feels unhappy whenever removed from the dreary plain of his birth.

I knew a German emigrant in this country who had settled in a part of our Union, where the fertility of the soil prevented the growth of the fir-tree, to which he had been accustomed in his native land. Now, few persons will think a

common fir-tree very beautiful in appearance, nor fragrant on account of the odour of its exuding gum, nor did the emigrant think so either; yet he assured me that he had not rested until he had found a sandy spot, where he could plant some of the trees so sweet to him, and whither he occasionally resorts, in order to "smell home," as he very appropriately termed it. Impressions which we receive through the senses repeatedly for many years, or in the moment when something extraordinary happens to us, are indelible. Some words which affected me most deeply, and roused my whole indignation, were said to me while yet a boy, in the moment that a turkey uttered his peculiar noise, and, to this day, I am unable to hear a turkey without an unpleasant sensation, which often makes itself felt long before my mind becomes conscious of its distant, but still active cause. In a similar way, there are, certainly, few persons, if any, who do not consider the scent of box disagreeable. It would be to my nerves decidedly so, were not the unpleasant sensation greatly overbalanced by my association of ideas. Lead me on a hot summer day into a garden with old-fashioned walks lined with box, and

my mind will suddenly float on the waves of delight, before it remembers the Roman garden with its purling fountain, where I have spent so many happy hours.

There was, in 1813, in a corps belonging to the Prussian army, a Dane to whom the commander offered permission to leave the service, since it so happened that this very corps had to act against the Danes, and the commanding officer would not expose him to the pain of fighting against his own countrymen. But the officer, it appeared, had a more tender conscience than the Dane, who said he did not care about the thing one way or the other. The offer was repeated at various periods, but always bluntly declined. At length the regiment in which he served surprised the Danes in their camp, so that the latter were obliged to retreat in great hurry, and to leave much of their baggage and utensils behind. When the Prussians took possession of the spot, the fires of the enemy were yet burning, and the little kettles hanging over them. Most of these contained a national dish of the Danes, called *grit*, and, as all national dishes are much relished by their respective nations, so the *grit* is highly

esteemed by these Scandinavians, though other people, probably, would call the pleasure in this peculiar dish "an acquired taste." What no patriotism, it would seem, had been able to effect in our Dane, was now suddenly brought about by the grit. "By ——," he exclaimed, "these noble fellows have grit in their pots." The steaming pot with the grit suddenly stood before his mind as the representative, the most striking to his senses, of his youth, his sisters, parents, for aught I know, of his love; in his eyes appeared "the moist impediments unto his speech," and he went instantly to the colonel, to make use of the repeated offer to leave the army.

To the last cause, which I have mentioned as producing home-sickness, we must likewise refer the particular predilection some people have for their profession, though it offer not half the comfort, which others derive from their occupations. The enthusiasm with which an individual speaks of his trade does not depend upon his success, or the enjoyment he finds in it. The richest merchant is generally the most disinclined to let his children follow the same pursuit. But the sailor talks with pleasure of

his profession, and in his pride feels himself somewhat better than the rest of mankind.* The German miner, who leads the most toilsome life, and is more scantily rewarded than any other labourer, speaks with a kind of enthusiasm of his pursuit. He loves it, because it is totally different from any thing else. The life of a German wagoner should certainly be considered a stupid and dreary one. To walk slowly, step by step, by the side of a team, day after day ; continually to travel over the same route, say from the Rhine to Leipsig, and from Leipsig to the Rhine, on which he knows every inn-keeper's face, and every rise and descent of the road, cannot be believed to have many attractions.

* We visited once a man-of-war, and found several coloured men among the sailors. " Do the white and coloured sailors agree well together ?" we asked ; " and does not the difference of colour interfere with that uniform and quick working, on which the safety of the vessel so much depends ?" " They perfectly agree," was the answer of the officer ; " we let the coloured dine in separate messes, but the white sailors would not have the slightest objection against being in the same mess with their coloured fellows." The fact is, that a sailor considers his profession so distinct from any other human pursuit, that even colour, so powerful a cause of distinction among all the rest of mankind, does not outweigh, with him, the distinction which his pride induces him to make between sailor and non-sailor.—EDITOR.

Yet, he speaks with delight of his trade, which, to every one else, seems strongly to partake of the lobster-like. In one of my pedestrian journeys I met with a train of heavily laden wagons, proceeding to Leipsig, shortly before the fair. I entered into a conversation with the oldest of the wagoners, who, in informing me of his course of life, told me of the several diseases to which he was subject, and mentioned that he had remained at home for some time in consequence of sickness. As these men are generally wealthy, I evinced my astonishment that he again exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather, as his state of health seemed to warrant no such exposure. "Ah," said the old man, jogging along on his crooked legs, "a wagoner cannot remain at home; we love our profession."

The third kind of home-sickness proceeds from a source directly opposite to those I have indicated. It besets the heart of a refined and carefully cultivated mind, of a soul endowed with generous feelings—of a man, whose mental existence is closely connected with the science, art and choicest social intercourse of his country.

I have spoken above of the catholicism of civilization, and, in certain respects, this expression finds no more ready application than with a man who is familiar with the best society, and has a truly cultivated mind. Let a well-educated Russian or Swede land in New York, and proceed forthwith to an assembled company, and, provided he know the language, he will feel, in a degree, at home. The same general sentiments and views prevail, the same forms of social intercourse are observed. But this holds only as far as it goes.

A man who has enjoyed the intellectual intercourse of his country, who has entered into the most delicate feelings and productions of the flower of its society, by which, you may well imagine, I do not mean fashionable society, who has, perhaps, himself taken an active part in its political life or its literature; a man who feels that his mind is not entirely barren, and experiences that internal necessity of communing with others, and of being understood—a man who does not only love his country, because early associations have endeared it to him, but who has been wedded to it in mind and soul, such a man cannot forget it—cannot

be divorced from it. He may frankly join in with his adopted country and become its loyal citizen. Many foreigners, by birth, have, at all times, proved most devoted citizens of the land of their adoption. They may, if emergencies arise, willingly offer their blood and life for their new country, and what is far more difficult, *live* for their country, with undivided devotion ; and yet they feel that they are a reed broken by the wind. They may learn the idiom of their new and beloved home, so that they may speak fluently in common intercourse, and fairly, even upon public occasions ; they may acquire the skill of writing it well, in some degree, if they treat of subjects in a certain sphere—and yet they will feel the leaden weight of a foreign language weighing heavily on their tongue, when they come to utter that which is dearest to their hearts, and which makes its chords vibrate most thrillingly.

A foreigner, such as I have mentioned, may accustom himself to a foreign climate and foreign people ; he may win friends among them as dear as any he has at home, for whom his heart would yearn, should he be separated from them : he may be gay and feel well with

them ; and yet there will remain a soreness in his heart, which nothing on earth can heal. As the pious Mussulman turns, in his prayer, toward the sacred city, wherever he may be, so is the inward eye of an exile steadily turned to his country. The lightning can change the needle, and cause it to deviate from its true direction ; but no power can change the magnet of his heart, or cause it to turn from its true point ; it will fixedly show to his country. Ye, who have the power, exile not ! An exiled man is a sick man. As the face of the sunflower follows the life-imparting beams of the heavens, from east to west, and when it cannot imbibe any longer the rays of the glorious orb, droops its head, so follows the eye of an exile the light of his country.

And with him it is that hospitality finds its true valuation. Not the hospitality of common good-breeding, or of vanity, but the hospitality of genuine feeling, which makes him feel more at home, and says to him, “ Come and be one of us ; ” which writes on the tablet of his mind, “ Good men feel alike every where ; there is a church-universal of generous feeling and true kindness.”

I believe I have descanted already, in a former letter, on the great advantage which accrues to all parties, if the Germans, who come to this country, assimilate with the predominating race. I repeat it—they are a valuable addition to our population, if they mix. But let truth prevail every where: twisting of facts, and stating or being silent according to convenience, is an unmanly thing—unworthy of a lover of his species, and a man who thinks he has expanded his views by travelling into other countries, and by studying history back into other ages. It is painful, indeed, for a German, that the descendants of his nation in this country, where they live closely together, have not only done less for the common education of their offspring than their neighbours, but have actually often frustrated the endeavours of government to establish a system of general education.* How a scion of a people, who

* We say with the author, let truth prevail; thus only can evils be corrected. It has been stated, that the act lately passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, providing for the education of the poor and of the children of people not favourably circumstanced, is far from meeting with ready and cheerful support from the German population of that state. Even obstacles are thrown in the way of this salutary law.—EDITOR.

have done more for education than any other on earth, comes thus to neglect one of the most sacred duties, would be inexplicable, were it not for the fact, on which I think I have touched on a former occasion, that it is difficult for a community, severed from the mother country, and separated from a surrounding population by the barrier of a different language, to prevent mental stagnation. There lies upon all well educated men, who enjoy the confidence of those hardy and well-meaning people, especially upon the German clergy in Pennsylvania, a duty, superior to which I can conceive of none in the whole sphere of their activity ; namely, to enlighten the Germans of America with regard to this subject of all-absorbing importance. They are the few who might produce a change of things, conducive to the most salutary effects, and from them it will be asked at a future day.

The German, the boldest of all in science and knowledge, is slow when it comes to acting ; I mean the German who has not left his country, where, by its peculiar state of politics, brisk practical activity is so much cramped in its operation. When he sees other countries, and has free intercourse with their inhabitants, he

generally finds his way uncommonly well: for though the German has, as things now stand, originally not much of a practical disposition, his versatility of mind is very great; which is proved as much by the truly noble height of criticism to which German science elevates itself,—because it requires his entering into all the views of other nations and ages,—as by the success with which the German meets in all climes and under all forms of government. A Frenchman shifts easier than a German, but his mind has not that degree of versatility to enable him to persevere in a totally new situation. A Yankee is bolder and shrewder than a German, and will often succeed where few others may hope for success; but he is not willing to labour as hard and plod as perseveringly,—nor has he that knowledge of languages which the German generally possesses. The German in foreign countries, if a man of business, labours always under one great disadvantage; he is not backed and supported by a political nationality.

Germans and French change, perhaps more to their advantage, by travelling and collecting experience in foreign countries, than any other people; the former, by obtaining more practical

views of things, and learning to keep their diffusive thinking more within definite limits, the latter, by becoming more liberal, more reflective, by expanding their views beyond national vanity. However, who does not or ought not to improve in the latter way by travelling? Certainly, neither John nor Jonathan is here excepted. Göthe says, "He who is ignorant of foreign languages is ignorant of his own." Add, He who is ignorant of foreign countries is ignorant of his own.

But let me tell you an anecdote, which, if true, and I have reason to believe it is, is illustrative of the slowness with which, at times, the German moves in matters of a practical character, at home—not abroad: for who is the first *banquier* in London, the first tailor, the first cutler? They are or were, for a long time, Germans. I had often heard from German merchants, residing in this country, how difficult it is to get German articles of commerce changed, with the corresponding changing of the market; while the English manufacturer will, with the greatest ease, comprehend the nature of the change required, and readily make it. Instances have been given to me at

various times, but the following seemed to me very peculiar. I was desirous of buying an "architectural box," (a plaything well calculated for the amusing and instructive occupation of a child's mind,) and proceeded, for the purpose, to one of the German toy-shops in New York. I suppose you know the fact, that German toys to a great amount, considering the little value of this merchandise, are imported into the United States.

No other nation makes so many and variegated toys as the Germans, which, I believe, is in part owing to their national trait of *bonhomie*. They condescend, with a kinder disposition, to the level of a child, and on the other hand, their children are longer disposed to play, which, by the way, I have seen, not unfrequently, carried to an extreme. I have been in German families where girls, of an age which, in a tropical country, would fit them for marriage, still amused themselves by playing with dolls, exquisitely made, indeed, and provided with all possible dress and linen, with little rooms, kitchen, and every kind of household furniture,—dolls so large, apparel so perfect, that a stranger might be at a loss to discover whether

it was play or good earnest. Their parents, instead of checking this disposition, encourage it, thinking to promote thereby a child-like temper. In this country, on the other hand, girls oftentimes step much too early out of the circle of childhood, and take to themselves the manners of women, before they can properly be called young ladies.

In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and in all the large cities of the Union, the traveller meets with German toy-shops, and I have often conversed with their owners, generally Germans themselves, as to what kind of playthings sells best, and what difference there exists between those sold here and in Germany. As I am speaking of German toys, you may allow me to add a few lines on this subject. On one of these occasions, I found a box with those little Johnny-jump-ups, made of the pith of elder, cut, painted, and a little gilded, of which four dozen cost here twenty-five cents! One large box contained sheep, cows, soldiers, men, and women, all pretty well made, consisting of different pieces, and painted. The retail price here is a cent for two of these creatures. Toys of this kind pay thirty-three per cent. duty in

the United States, then the freight by sea, which is not small, in proportion to the value, as it is paid according to bulk, then the commission in Bremen, the freight, by land, from the interior of Germany, say Coburg or Sonnenberg, to Bremen : then the profit which the Coburg merchant takes ; reckon all this up, and tell me how much remains for the poor manufacturer in the Franconian forest, who has no machine, works neither by steam, wheel, wind, or water, but every particle by his, or his wife and children's hands. It grieves one's heart to see things sold so cheaply, whose manufacturers lead a wretched life upon rye and potatoes. All the expenses, with freight and duty, amount certainly to sixty per cent., and yet there are German lead-pencils, of a very fair quality, sold here for six cents a dozen. Poor wretched beings !

It was strange to me when I entered, for the first time, in Philadelphia, a toy-shop, in the time of Advent, and found there, ranged on the scaffolds rising on both sides of the shop, all the companions of my earliest youth, the showcases, never to be forgotten, with their old Nuremberg prints, Versailles garden with ladies in

hoops and gentlemen *chapeau bas*; "*Prospectus majoris deambulatorii horti Vauxhall ab Introitu*," as well as other fine "prospects," the plates of which must be, at least, eighty years old; or the chickens, women, and stags I had seen on our Christmas fairs, but which were considered beneath the desire of possession. The same little pewter plates, the same stiff woman of wood, which was already in my childhood an apparition of former ages, the same watches, and little windmills, and rope-dancers, are here to be found, and are sent far into the interior.

But here I am inserting stories into stories, following the truly inverted style of *Sheharazade*! I must return to my shopkeeper. When I asked him whether he imported a great deal, he said, "Considerable; but it might be much more, did our countrymen more easily depart from their old fashions, and send according to order. Look here, sir," he continued, "I import, from the interior of Germany, a great many of the little paste-board boxes, chiefly used by apothecaries. The Germans make them round or square, but somehow or other, they prefer here oval ones. If the cou-

sumer wants oval boxes, I have to order them ; if I order them, the manufacturer, you will say, has only to make them ; but no : I gave an order for several hundred dollars' worth of these boxes, and received an answer, couched in a tremendously long letter, that they had no irons to make the boxes oval." An Englishman would have made them of the shape of a flamingo's beak, did he think it at all worth the while to make the thing. Americans are equally accommodating when it is to their profit to be so ; but, as labour is very high with the latter, their manufacturers are seldom obliged to change as quickly or as often, according to the wish of the consumer, as the English manufacturer is.

Now for a counter-anecdote. In the year 1830, a gentleman of New York* visited the faithful brotherhood on the highest inhabited summit of Europe, too high for any plant to grow except the lovely rose of charity. He narrowly escaped from a snow-storm, and enjoyed the fire of the scanty faggots, which, at that time, the pious inmates of the hospitium

* Professor M'Vickar of Columbia College in New York.—
EDITOR.

had to fetch at the distance of five toilsome leagues—not for their own benefit, but for the many thousand travellers who pass over the high ridge which severs Italy from Germany, by way of the St. Bernard, and find rest and often life itself at their charitable hands. Those who live only for the comfort and safety of others, had for themselves but the bare stone walls and naked ground of their rooms, without either fire or furniture. The American gentleman went to discover, if possible, anthracite coal; and, after he had happily found it, he taught the monks to build a grate, necessary for the use of this species of fuel. But, though the trial was not unsuccessful, he obtained, with the assistance of several other persons, on his return to New York in 1833, a stove for anthracite coal, on the improved plan of Dr. Nott, and sent it to the brethren of St. Augustine. The bill for the stove and of the expenses of transport from Havre to Martigny, amounted to fifty-eight dollars, the stove having been carried from New York to Havre free of expense. And, for this low sum, a monument of American practical sense has been erected in a distant country, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea,

opposite to the statue of the sinking and dying Dessaix, and will be blessed by many a thankful and exhausted traveller in years to come. The clavendier, or superior of the hospitium, thanked its transatlantic benefactor in glowing terms for this kind present, assuring him that “the joy of the brethren knew no bounds;” and I will leave it to you, to depict to yourself the many cheering scenes of which this blessed stove will yet be the cause, when a husband arrives with his half-frozen wife, a father with a child nearly dead, or when a body, discovered by the never-weary and intelligent *maron*,* is revived by the generous heat of the American stove; while it is a contemplation not the less gladdening, that the good brethren, surrounded by eternal hard and frozen snow, sparkling as if in mockery of fire, and yet morally elevated as high above the common toil for gain as they are physically above the peaceless world, may now also warm themselves without the fear of consuming fuel, which their piety had destined

* *Maron* is the name of the large dogs, which are the faithful assistants of these brothers of St. Augustine. *Maronier* is the name of the monk, who has particular charge of the dogs.—
EDITOR.

for travellers alone. I will try to get for you the New York American of July 8, 1833, in which several letters of Canon Barras, the clavendier of the hospitium, and the details of this affair are given ; because I know you like, with me, to watch the pulsations of extending civilization, and to preserve the documents which testify to its internal and quiet, yet ever active life.

The following may, perhaps, serve as another instance of the American practical turn of mind. I found, one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking with the step which Cicero recommends to philosophers, before the door of a *restaurant*, with the words, "To-morrow Soup" written on the back of the poor creature, which thus was doomed to invite man's all-exploring appetite to partake of its own flesh. When I stood there and looked at the victim incased and protected by nature against all enemies except the knife of the inexorable cook, as it carried its irrevocable sentence about with it, in the moment, when, probably, it felt as if liberty had been restored to it, after its long and uncomfortable position on the back, and when I thought to observe with some passers

by, whose attention had been attracted like mine, a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, indicating that the laconic appeal to their palate had not been made in vain—I do not know why, but I could not help thinking of Frederic the Great and *Catherine-le-Grand*, as Prince de Ligne calls her, bent, with a look betraying but too clearly their keen appetite, over poor Poland, which they made to crawl about before them, also with her sentence on her back, before they partitioned her out in very palatable dishes.

A Frenchman, in the same case, would have invited to his turtle-soup by various persuasive means; the taciturn Yankee put an inscription, in lapidary style, upon the intended victim itself, making it prove, in the most convincing manner possible, its freshness and fine size.

Reverting from the Nott stove and turtle to my general remark, I will only add, that as the Germans are often unpliant in practical life, but bold, universal, and agile, in science, so are the Americans and English of quick perception in practical matters, slow, timid, and comparatively confined in science. A book once an authority

with them, remains such for an eternity ; a subject, once fairly investigated, according to the means and knowledge of the time, remains untouched for many, many years.

Whatever is the element of a nation or an individual, is done by them with ease ; in whatever they are truly at home, they proceed business-like. An English library is beautiful, but look at the rough book-shelves of a German savant ; you see, at once, his library is collected for use ; he is at home with his books. On the other hand, the members of parliament or congress sit with their hats on, are dressed in the common way, and speak from their places, while the French *député* is dressed in a *robe*, and “ pronounces,” formally, a *discours* from the *tribune*, and cannot speak when he chances to be without his *robe*. Form loses in importance the more the essence is esteemed. Frederic the Great wore a shabby coat, and often boots, which every one else in his kingdom would have considered worn out, and Omar had but “ one bowl, one garment, and one God.”

As to books, a conceited German might say, that, while other nations contrived to improve the paper, his countrymen endeavoured to im-

prove the contents. However, I am no advocate of badly executed books, in which the light-inked letters, variegated by "monks" and "friars," and the darkness of the paper, seem to meet each other in mutual love, each yielding part of their true character, and should you ever come to the perfidious conclusion to inflict my letters on the public, in which case, at all events, you will allow me to appear *en embozo*,* I enter here my most solemn protest against my appearance on German paper, dim, like the dusk of morn, or on American paper, bulky, and flaccid, (to puff up a book, *in truth*,) and white, but so bleached by acids that an attentive reader has to take care, lest his very looks should read the leaves asunder. I love—call me whimsical, I cannot help it—the yellow paper of old books. Paper can be too white; it ought to have a mild, yellow tinge, which is much more beneficial to the eyes than glaring white.

* The Spaniard walks *en embozo* or *embotado*, when he throws his mantle over one of the shoulders, in a manner that his face is covered up to the eyes, and presses his broad-brimmed hat deep into the brows, so that, in fact, nothing but his eyes are seen, and these even indistinctly.—EDITOR.

LETTER III.

Interest attached to names of places—America the Land of Silly Names—Good nature of Americans—Groundless charge against the early settlers of New England—American method of naming new townships—Colloquial corruption of foreign names—Difficulty of selecting fit appellations for newly-discovered places—Importance of names—Quaint personal names used in the United States—Love of genealogy—Collingwood—Washington—Change of names in America—Family names of the Indians.

NAMES are always an interesting subject, if you have nothing better to occupy your reflection or inquiry. Every traveller finds it an amusing manner of whiling away the time, when detained in a place, to loiter about and read the names on the doors and house-signs. It is very natural; I do not say, that the name is the whole man, as Buffon said, *le style est*

tout l'homme ; but a name is so closely connected with the individual, as long as he bears it, that, however wide the difference between persons or places and the meaning of their names, may be in numberless cases, we cannot help considering them with some interest. Besides, their beauty or quaintness, their meaning or etymology, or historical signification, afford often entertaining or instructive subjects for reflection. In a young country, like ours, where the arbitrary choice of the namer has not been covered over by lubricating time, this interest is increased in a variety of ways, by names of persons, vessels, taverns, streets, places, counties and states. Often has some name or other formed the thread of many reflections in my mind, when I was sitting in a stage-coach, or on the deck of a canal-boat, and no general conversation attracted my attention. Sometimes, it is the fine sound or portentous meaning of a name which occupied me, sometimes its peculiar fitness for the place it designated, at others, its direct contrast, sometimes its ineffable silliness, at others, again, its philological interest.

I had now arrived, in the course of my

journey, in that country, which might be called, by way of excellence, the Land of Silly Names, though I own they are abundant all over this country, especially in the eastern and western parts, and not unfrequent wherever it was necessary to invent names for places. The French names adopted by the great Frederic, such as Monbijou, Sanssouci, &c.—in a German country—did not show, I think, much tact on his part; yet they were infinitely better than hundreds in this country, in some parts of which a traveller might think that history and geography had been chopped into small pieces, well shaken in a bag, and then strewn over a state. You have already met with the long lists of such names as Homer, Manlius, Paris, Paradise, Montezuma, Rome, Demosthenes, Ithaca, Ovid, Cicero, Syracuse, Ulysses, Lodi, Eden, Hamburg, Aurora, Alexandria, Scio, Bolivar, Palmyra, Parma, Greece, Russia, Egypt, mixed up with downright English names, such as Bath, Perry, Thompson, Greenfield, Newfield, Rochester, Pembroke, together with fine-sounding, or, at any rate, appropriate Indian names, as Canandaigua, Cayuga, Seneca, Saratoga, Cayuta, Genesee—in the same country with names

as flat as Temperance and Tariffville—the whole appearing like a most indigestible minced pie. Oh, these historiomastices! * These are not “picked names,” but taken at random, from memory and a map. I might continue the list for whole pages, as you will convince yourself by looking at the accompanying map, which I send you not, however, for the sake of tracing our tastelessness in these absurd appellations, but, because it contains all the canals and railroads, finished or making, in this rapidly rising state of New York.

Nearly every author, foreigner or native, who has travelled in the United States, has animadverted upon this ludicrous naming of places: and I hold it to be the duty of every man who touches upon this subject, continually to renew the attack against this barbarous habit. I have often conversed with Americans on this topic, both seriously and jocularly, and always found that they were of my opinion; or, if they were of the less educated classes, and had, perhaps,

* The author seems to have formed this word after the Greek Homeromastix, (scourge of Homer,) the unenviable surname of Zoilus, bestowed upon him for his hypercriticisms on the works of Homer.—EDITOR.

hardly ever before thought on the name of their birth-place, that they easily yielded to my arguments or jokes, with that good-naturedness which I find so prominent a trait of the American.

You may little expect to hear an assertion of this kind, after having read so many charges to the contrary ; yet I must be permitted to state, that I consider the American eminently good-natured, and disposed to allow any one to speak with perfect freedom of America and her institutions. Of such a thing as taking amiss, as it is termed, they hardly know. That those of them who have seen little of the world, are often conceited in regard to their country, is natural ; every villager, all over the world, thinks his steeple the highest, and assures you that the bottom of his pond has never been found yet. But even such as these, among the Americans, will allow you freely to make your remarks upon their country, laugh heartily with you, and never get angry on account of your free remarks. I have found this so constantly and in so striking instances, that I do not hesitate to state it as a fact. If a man in the west asks you, "How do you like our country?" or a Bostonian, "Don't you think,

after all, our climate very fine?" you must not forget, that, perhaps, the remark is made from a kind disposition, and that, in this, as in all similar cases, it is but one that bothers you, while a hundred others remain silent, and you remember only the one who may have troubled you, if you are so sensitive as to call this troubling. It is certainly a fact worth notice, that the severest books against the United States sell rapidly, and often run through several editions, and when I once conversed with one of the first publishers as to a work on the United States, he said "Any one who writes on this country ought to know, that the severer he is the better his book will sell; I am convinced of this fact by repeated experience," which is no encouraging prospect for all those who wish to say what they think and know, that eagles soar high, and geese cackle loud all over the world.

That this good-natured equanimity of the Americans may be somewhat disturbed when a gentleman travels *tout le temps en maitre d'école*, all the time pronouncing his opinion *ex cathedra*, finding fault and ridiculing, might be supposed, though I have, even then, seen the Americans, almost without exception, pertina-

ciously good-natured. You may object that, if all this be as I say, why did they show themselves some time ago so irritable, when attacked upon certain points? Because a most powerful slander-engine had been directed against them from some quarters in England, when they were yet quite young, and had their character as a nation to establish; and because one kind of slander was continually thrown at them, which no one takes in joke, and which the rudest and most vulgar fellow in the street throws into the beard of his adversary, when he wishes most deeply to hurt him—an attack on the reputation of their parents. A man who can calmly listen to almost any charge, finds it difficult to keep quiet if his parents are attacked. Such parents, too, as the forefathers of the Americans were. It must be owned that whatever latitude may be allowed to party attacks and exciting language in time of war, it was a most ungenerous and fiendish charge, so often repeated in former times,—aye, so often that even to this present time thoughtless writers and public journals, repeat it, that the Americans descend from a parcel of criminals; while those who preferred this charge knew full well

that never were colonists of any nation of better character sent out to any foreign country, than those earliest settlers of New England; that, however our views may differ from many of theirs, they were as honourable men as can possibly be found, and that the total number of criminals ever sent to this country, amounts to an exceedingly small number, which, besides, had it been much larger, could not have been able to alter any thing in the essential features of the people. Moreover, if there be such a thing as hereditary sin, there is also such a one as hereditary virtue, and every babe is ushered into this world as a being to stand on its own feet.

But all irritability of this kind has worn away by this time, and I believe you might tell the Americans, that all their fathers were Burkes and their mothers Gottfrieds, and they would only say, "Ah, indeed?" However, since English writers have chanced to pretend that the Americans descend from a set of ragamuffins, thrown out by their country, and as that which has been said cannot be unsaid, it would seem that some British counties honestly endeavour to make now, at least, as much as is in their

power, true, what was untrue so far, and send us paupers, cargo after cargo, who, in many cases, walk directly from the vessel to the almshouse. Nothing like consistency !

Some late reports of committees appointed by the city authorities of Boston and New York, for the special purpose of inquiring into the matter, exhibit a frightful picture, with regard to the influx of paupers, and, of course—as frail human nature is constituted—of vagrancy and crime, likewise, into this country. While they pour in through the sea-ports, the number who emigrate from Canada and New Brunswick into the United States, by land, is equally frightful. And sorry I was, indeed, when, some years ago, the sovereign authority of a German city sent actual convicts to our shores. They had heard, probably, of our excellent penitentiaries, and found themselves bound, in Christian charity, to procure for their criminals as good prisons as possible, for that they would here, in course of time, find their way to the prison again, was evident. If a government wants criminals, as, some years ago, that of Brazil did, it is quite fair to empty the prisons ; if a single individual rashly resolves upon such an act as

the above transportation of criminals was, it is possible, at least, to understand it, but how a measure of this kind can be concerted between several persons, who are all, in the whole, honourable men, how they can pass over the act of making such an outrage an official measure, without compunctions—is something I cannot understand. So much for human morality without the pale of shame ; distance of time and place gives us very different views respecting our actions, and the merchant who would not dream of deceiving at home, makes regular preparation to cheat the distant and sable cultivator of the pepper.

Now, then, again the lance is couched for an attack upon the names met with in this country. I am perfectly well aware that the difficulty of giving names in the United States is often exceedingly great. You remember, undoubtedly, scenes in the families of your friends, which show that Mr. Shandy was not the only person puzzled at what name he should choose from the endless number before him. It is always a difficult matter to decide when there are no distinct rules to direct our choice, and we are at liberty to select among a great number of objects. If parents are puzzled at the choice

of one name, what shall an official secretary of one of the United States do, before whom lies a list of a large number of newly surveyed townships to be christened by him? He takes a six cents geography, a twenty-five cents history, peradventure, and chalks off the names of the index. Or a committee is appointed to name the places; each member writes down a name; they are put into a hat, and the lot is drawn. It was thus that the charming city of Utica came to its inappropriate name. Or, to take another instance, a surveyor has laid out townships or counties, and fixes names to the list, as a circumnavigator names what he discovers; thus you may find on every large map General Jackson's whole first cabinet sticking in the north-western territory, a geographical immortality long surviving the personal one. However, perhaps, after all, this is not so very improper a way to make names; a poor fellow may, in this way, learn history from maps, and acquire the spelling of names which he might not have learned otherwise. I remember a county, I think I know of two or three, in different states, called after several distinguished politicians, which petitioned their respective

legislatures to change their names, when the counties' politics had changed. It seems to me, the most advisable way for such counties would be to adopt, at once, two, or three, or four different names, to be used according to emergencies and the changes of political winds. It would sound exceedingly dignified were a newspaper article to begin thus, Jackson county, alias Adams county, alias Crawford county, &c.

Sometimes,—to continue my account of the method of “calling names,”—a hunter goes out, finds a creek and perhaps a pair of yellow breeches, and immediately it will be called Yellow Breeches River ! or a crow happens to fly over some lake, it is henceforth Crow Lake. Unfortunately these names are not now, as in earlier days, allowed to *corrupt* and gradually to *better* their condition as nouns proper ; for names of this kind were given then, as well as now ; but, in most instances, they gradually changed. Sailors, who, in more than one respect, represent nations or tribes in their early stages, as to their frankness, their improvidence, their readiness to assist and their readiness to avenge, have also retained this quickness and boldness of corrupting names and accommodating them to a pronun-

ciation easier for them, and more suited to the spirit of their language; the English and American sailor perhaps more so than the mariner of any other nation.

Mr. Walsh, in his *Notices of Brazil*, gives several instances. Thus, for instance, a collection of rocky islets near Madeira is called *the Deserters*, from the Portuguese *Ilhas Dissertas*, (Desert Islands;) the *Yeni Hissari* or New Castles, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, is made *Cape Janissary*, and is thus to be found on the maps. The *Archipelago* is called the *Arches*; *Coruna* is changed to *the Groin*. A goodly number might be added to these; let me mention but a few. *Setubal* in Portugal is changed into *St. Ubes*; and I am convinced, that, had this corruption taken place, or become known at an early time, when canonizations were not yet controlled by the church, a saint called Ubes, with an appropriate legend, would have come down to us; in the same way as some Greek words on the frontispiece of churches, were taken for the names of martyrs, to whom these buildings were believed to have been dedicated, and thus actually led to the invention of some saints. *Ilha Raza* is changed into *Razor Island*.

The Spanish *cayo*, a cliff or breaker, has been changed by the English mariner into *key*, of which there are many in the West Indies ; but one of the strangest corruptions is our *Key West*, from the Spanish *Cayo Hueso* or Bone Isle, because the form of the island resembles somewhat a bone ; yet Key West is now the official and legitimate name, though it has nothing more to do with west than with east, north or south. The soldiers of the allied armies, when occupying France during the last war, were equally ready to accommodate names to their organs of pronunciation ; and the highest instance of corruption of this kind on record, I believe to be afforded in the case of Napoleon himself. Oldeleben, who was a long time Saxon *officier d'ordonnance* in the staff of the emperor, and has given an interesting work on the French campaign in Saxony in the year 1813, informs us that Napoleon, who had, of course, to pronounce a number of foreign names of persons about him, did not always find them sufficiently easy for his pronunciation ; nor could the ruler over so many empires be fairly expected to trouble himself much with hard names which it was difficult

for his mind, otherwise so retentive, to remember, and his lips to utter. He, therefore, pronounced these names as his mouth found comfortable, and the person went ever after by this appellation, which it was necessary, though oftentimes not very easy for his aides to remember. Some names of German and Polish places are excessively difficult for the native of any other country to pronounce, and Napoleon was obliged to deal with them in a like way, which required great attention in his suite not to commit mistakes, which often might have led to serious results.

But not only mariners and soldiers, but people of all occupations, are apt to change names, if they are obliged often to pronounce any ill-fitted for their organs of speech. Thus, the French *Rivière de Féves* (Bean River) has become with our population the Fever River,—a very bad name, as every one who hears it, without being acquainted with its etymology, will attach a hideous character to the innocent stream, which is just as healthy or unhealthy as any of its fellow waters in that part of the country. A spot in our western territory was called *Bois Brulé*, either literally from “burned wood,” or

in memory of some *Bois Brulé*, the name for a descendant of French white, and Indian blood. The present name is Bob Ruly. I mention these facts that you may compare our western corruptions with similar changes in Europe during the great changes in the middle ages. The name of nearly every existing Italian place, which dates from antiquity, affords an instance. Arezzo from Aretium, Folingo from Fulginium, or take the German Mailand from the Italian Milano from the ancient Mediolanum.

Not only geographical names are subject to these curious corruptions; they extend to the names of persons likewise. Many instances are known to you from English history. I will give you a few amusing ones of our country. That the German Schneider, Klein, Schuhmacher, Schmidt, Braun, quickly change into Snyder, Clyne or Klyne, Shoemaker, Smith, and Brown, is natural enough. Sometimes names are positively translated; thus, I know of a Mr. Bridge-builder, whose ancestors came from Germany under the name of Bruckenbauer. I have met with many instances of this kind. There is a family now in Pennsylvania whose original name was Klein; at present they have branched out

into three chief ramifications called Klein, Small, and Little ; and, if they continue to have many little ones, they may, for aught I know, branch farther out into Short, Less, and Lesser,—down to the most Lilliputian names.

I was once, in England, in company with a Mr. Short, in whose presence a Mr. Shorter was mentioned. “Your son?” said a bystander, quite gravely, to Mr. Short, who, like most people, disrelished the joke on his name very much.

In Salem, Massachusetts, is now living a family of the name of Blumpay, a corruption of Blancpied, their original name. A German, called Feuerstein, (fire-stone, the German for flint,) settled in the west, when French population prevailed in that quarter. His name, therefore, was changed into Pierre à Fusil ; but, in the course of time, the Anglo-American race became the prevalent one, and Pierre à Fusil was again changed into Peter Gun. That is somewhat like Albert the Great, which is believed by some to be corrupted from Albert de Groot. At that rate, Lord King might become the king our lord. Well, if Albert the Great has obtained his splendid name by corruption,

he is not the only one in history who owes this surname to the same cause.

A barber in Boston, a most respectable man, and a great friend of mine—a real Burchiello*—calls himself Ashton. As he is a Sicilian, I asked him how he came to this name? “My Italian name,” said he, “is Astorini, but they told me in Salem that Ashton is the English for Astorini.”

One day I found him in a melancholy mood. “What is the matter with you?” asked I. “I am sorry,” he replied, “that I did not hang myself yesterday.” Bravo, thought I, a true fit of the *melancholia anglica*, as Sauvage so savagely calls suicide, in his work on insanity. “If this be all your misfortune,” I said, “you may easily redress it to-day.”—“That is just what I mourn for,” he replied, “I wish to be dead, but I don’t want to die.” Burchiello jocosely said what many gravely think.—Another time, I asked him how much he gets if he goes

* Dominic Burchiello was the famous barber of Florence, in whose shop all the beaux esprits of that favoured place of the arts used to meet. He himself was a poet, and his shop is painted in one of the arches of the gallery of the Medici. It is divided into two parts, in the one people are shaved, in the other poets make poems or play instruments and sing.—ED.

to a person into the house to shave him? “A quarter of a dollar, or half a dollar, according to circumstances, from those who can afford it; from poor people I never take any thing, but then I don’t go to them.” I could not help thinking of a letter written to a friend of mine, by a gentleman who had been asked to lend him a small capital for some enterprise, for fair interests. The letter expressed the highest indignation at the offer of so high interests, as if its writer had ever shown any symptoms of usury. “As to the capital itself,” it continued, “it is utterly impossible for me to comply with your wishes.”

The drollest instance of the changing of names with which I am acquainted, I have yet to tell you. I found it in an article, which I know to have been written by one of the first literary men in this country, and whom I feel proud in knowing to be my friend, inserted in one of the numbers of the *North American Review*, and will give it in the same words:—“We happen to have heard, from a friend in the Northern States, an authentic instance of this kind, which we think will amuse our readers as much as it did ourselves—the plain English Christian name

and surname of *Benjamin Eaton*, a Spanish boy, derived from his single Spanish *Christian* name of Benito, or Benedict; and this, by a very natural process, though one which would have defied the acuteness of Tooke and the wit of Swift. When the boy was taken on board ship, the sailors, who are not apt to be fastidious in their attention to the niceties of language, hearing him called *Benito*, (pronounced Beneeto,) made the nearest approximation to the Spanish sound which the case required, and which would give an intelligible sailor's name, by saluting their new shipmate as *Ben Eaton*! which the boy, probably, supposed was the corresponding English name, and, accordingly, conformed to it himself, when asked for his name. The next process in the etymological transformation was, that, when he was sent to one of our schools, the master, of course, inquired his name, and being answered that it was *Ben Eaton*, and presuming that to be his true name abbreviated, as usual, in the familiar style, directed him, as grammatical propriety required, to write it at full length, *Benjamin Eaton*!"

Quiner, as now written and pronounced, Coonyar, is a legitimate corruption in orthography

for the Portuguese *Cunha*, pronounced as above. The instance will show you at the same time the strange sound the letter R has for English ears. It ranks at the end of a word somewhat between a vowel and a consonant, and whenever I have dictated a foreign word ending in an *e*, softly pronounced, as the German *Freude*, an Englishman would write down *Freuder*. So children will say *par* for *pa*, the abbreviation of *papa*, and it is a common vulgarity to say *lor* for *law*, and *sawring wood* for *sawing wood*. So much with regard to the letter R.

“ How does it happen that the more remote a part of the United States, and the newer the names, the more classical or rather unclassical they are ?”—My dear friend, for the same reason, that, some seventy years ago, every one in Silesia was a rhymer because there was no poet among them. Take it always as an infallible rule, that the more rhyning you see in the newspapers, &c., in a country or at a particular time, the more unpoetic are the people, as never more cry and noise are made about the purity of a government than when it is rotten and corrupt ; and our attention is often then only directed to a virtue or moral excellence, when

the contrary has first occupied our reflection, so much so that many of the former have but a negative name. Guilt was first thought of, and then *innocence*, which in German, also, is called *Unschuld*, literally *unguilt*, or *guiltlessness*. Take, for instance, the most rhyming periods of any country, Germany, France, England, and observe whether they ever have produced the great poets of the respective nations, and in this country you can trace the truth of my assertion in single papers. The less cultivated a community is for which a certain paper is issued, the more it abounds in rhymes, and the more bombastic words the editor uses for his verbose articles. Simplicity is both the child of early limitedness and the flower of cultivation.

But some time or other these classical names must be exhausted, and what are we to take then for a copy after which we bestow names? The Olympus has not yet been sufficiently plundered. We have Aurora, well, why not Jove-Hill, Hebe-Bluff, Thesmophorus-Portage, Hyperion-Swamp, Astræa-Pond? When we have ransacked all mythology, Greek, Northern, and Hindoo, we may, by way of contrast, and in order to suit our character, so essentially utilitarian, descend at once to the useful.

Thus, we might have Rye, Wheat, Barley counties, and Hops-borough ; or we might take the animal body as the foundation of our compounds, for instance, Nose-ridge, Upper-Jaw-borough, Kidney-County, Liver-town, Mount Belly ; or we might take other useful things for our names, and say, Paper-city, Flax-ville, Gold-coin-county, or United-States-bank-note-parish. It would not differ much from Mechanicville or Tariffville in Northampton county, Massachusetts. Why not take the names of favorite dishes for the formation of geographical nouns ? Mush-ville would not be so very bad, neither in sound nor association of ideas. Hasty-pudding, Barbacue, and Squash, would afford delightful names ; and to be born in the city of Bonny-clabber would augur future distinction in poetry, and it would sound so stately in a Latin epitaph, *Poeta Boniclaboricus*, or *Vates Boniclaborensis*.

The truth is, I am fully aware that it is not easy to find a number of appropriate names for places, and of imbuing the people at large with sufficient taste to make good choices, or produce good compounds.

The difficulty of selecting fit and decent ap-

pellations appears with all discoverers on land or sea. You can trace it in almost every name given to a newly discovered group of isles, mountains, lakes, &c. In New South Wales there is a high mountain called Wellington, which, perhaps, is not so bad, as the name was given when this great captain won his fairest victories, and thus the appellation has some historical meaning, and is, perhaps, after all, as good as St. Bernard; but take the description of a voyage round the world. How unsightly and unsoundly are all the King George III. Inlets and Prince Edward Islands, and Rios de San Christobal, and Isla de St. Maria de Asuncion. Take one of the last of these voyages, that of Captain Kotzebue. The name of his vessel was *Predpriatie*. In the preface to the description of his voyage, the circumnavigator says that the name is, probably, so unwont to foreign lips that he will not any more mention it; yet he bestows it on an island, to the confusion of all geographers. I am truly glad that he had no connexion with the town of Mtzensk or some other Russian place of a similar name, or that he is no native of Srb! If Homer himself were born on such an island, it could not

become immortal ; for the best disposed scholar would be unable to remember the name. It was, to be serious, no trifling obstacle to the fame of many Polish heroes in the last unhappy insurrection, that they had names which left upon the mind of foreigners no effect but that of utter confusion. Skrzynecki was the only name the public could afford to remember, and even his name I do not know whether I have written rightly or not. All the others went as *nombres incomprendibles*, as the Colombians used to call the firm of a house with which I am acquainted, *la casa de los nombres incomprendibles*. The firm consisted of three individuals, and never went by any other name in the post-office than the above. What would they have said of Knatchbull, Kuhlenkamp, or the English village of Home-upon-Spalding-moor ? Not only geographical discoverers find it difficult to invent names ; the same is the case in sciences and arts. When the study of mineralogy and chemistry began to be pursued with a success unknown before, it was no mean difficulty for their cultivators to find appropriate names, and, in many instances, neither taste nor

scientific strictness can be said to have dictated them.

Difficult, however, as it is to find or make fair names, the difficulty would be lessened were we to render the chaos before us somewhat to order, could we find out rules, which in a degree might guide us. Had I more means than I possess, and I need not be possessed of a Thellusson property, I should certainly offer some price, for the best and most practical rules for inventing new or applying old names to new places, rivers, &c. I know full well, that taste, which cannot be taught, will always be important in regard to this subject; yet something might be done by those rules, and perhaps still more by thus directing more general attention to this matter. I really think it would be a subject worthy of occupying the attention of our learned societies, if they have any means to dispose of for the purpose.

Simple and tasteful names will always be preferable. Captain Back, on his chivalric journey, to seek his friend on the eternal snow-fields, called the house in which he wintered from 1833 to 1834, *Fort Reliance*. Now, this is a model for a name; it has sound, rhythm,

and meaning; a meaning most appropriate for his situation, and withal is beautifully simple. Fort Reliance! what feeling heart or ear, that is awake to rhythm, can hear it without remembering it for ever?—We need but hear it, and it has stolen itself already into our ear and our soul. Suppose he had called it after some of his patrons so called, say Fort William, or Fort Clarence, it sounds as well as the other, but would you remember it the next hour? Does it call up all those agreeable and more than agreeable ideas, with which the name Fort Reliance directly associates itself? Compare with this such a name as New Egypt, not far from Burlington; how flat,—and why shall not things be called by their right names?—how silly sounds the latter!

The English and Americans, so very practical in their views, take it altogether more easy to fix a name to a thing and let it pass. A chapel happens to be built in Regent-street, it is forthwith called Regent Chapel, though the regent had nothing to do with it. Germans would never have written the name without prefixing a pedantic “so called.” English and Americans call something familiarly by a certain

name, and shortly after it is called so in books. In general this is right enough; the thing is more important than the name, and the chief end of the name is to signify the thing. This is all perfectly just, and people have said to me, "What is a name? It is all the same, how we call a thing." Why, a name is something which sticks to a person or place until it is changed, and if it forces unpleasant associations upon the mind of every one who hears it, it is a bad name, and if it sounds badly, you might just as well have chosen a better one. I have met in Germany, France, England, and in this country, with names positively indecorous, both of persons and places. One of them was actually so offensive, that the minister, an acquaintance of mine, could not pronounce it, in publishing the banns, and had to get over the matter by a cough. It did not simply cause an improper association of ideas, but it was itself indecorous; and why has that excellent Moselle wine, such a name? Every one will allow that names of this kind are nuisances; they break in upon the rights of society. He who wishes to be its member has no right to offend his fellows in whatever way it may be.

Now, let me ask, is it, as to the individual, much better with regard to a ridiculous name? If a name necessarily call up a number of ludicrous associations, it must be pronounced a bad name, and cannot possibly be agreeable or useful to its bearer. And, be it remembered, a name may be very much in the way, if its bearer is in public life. Puns may sometimes severely smart, and even seriously injure; for no weapon is so fiendish as ridicule, since you have often no counter-weapon to oppose, and there are many cases, in which a great deal is lost, if you have it not in your power instantly to counteract the effect produced by your opponent. A vote may be lost, and one vote may decide great things, both directly and by a series of rapid consequences.

A "good name" is an expression full of meaning; not only as to the moral sense of the appellation, but also as to its sound and the ideas with which it is associated; and this holds not only with names of persons, but also with geographical nouns proper. A place ought to have a "good name," in every respect. Menu-the Eastern sage, says that a female's name, ought to be beautiful, and to terminate with

a vowel. He was right in asking a beautiful name for a female, and might have asked a fine one for a man, and a decent one for a place. A bad name is like a bad razor; you may be a most honourable man with it, yet it incommodes you a thousand times.

That the custom of naming places after those distant spots, whence emigrants originally came, is natural, and often has something touching in it, no one will deny. We cling with fondness to every object or sound which reminds us of the spot where we were born, and enjoyed the unstinted happiness of childhood; and where, perhaps, those we love most, continue to live. But, we must beware lest this sweet effect be counteracted by associations the very reverse of our feelings. If Swiss emigrants call their settlement, however small it may be, Vivay, it is in perfect accordance with their feelings and all that taste may demand; but if they call the whole county, in which the new Vivay is situated, Switzerland, their fondness for their whole country chooses an unsuitable means of expressing itself. If a small place is called after London, go and be wind-bound in it for a whole week in winter, as I have been, and then tell me

whether the stay does not become a thousand times more disagreeable by the constant comparison and contrast forced upon you. I love to observe with what fondness Americans cherish the memory of their descent, and their intimate connexion with Europe. In many families, cups, plates, chairs are shown you, which their forefathers brought over from your part of the world. Two large yew trees, cut in the stiff and cramped style of the period of Louis XIV., and brought from Europe at the beginning of the last century, are fondly and justly nursed in the garden of a friend of mine; and a merchant told me, that when he lately received from a family in Guatimala, a quantity of old-fashioned silver and gold plate, the goldsmith gave for various articles a higher price than the mere metal would have brought, according to what he gave for others. The reason he assigned was, that Americans cherish memorials of their ancestors so much that, sometimes, a general fondness for antique articles is met with.

But, then, the association of ideas, to which a name necessarily leads, should not counteract its intended good effect, and especially it ought not, by its glaring contrasts, to throw a ridicule

on what it designates. The love of high-sounding names nowhere more generally prevails than with Americans. The baker calls his shop a Bakery ; the shoemaker writes in gigantic letters over his shop, Shoe and Boot Manufactory ; over the entry to a bookbinder's, the existence of a Bookbindery is testified to in staring capitals ; a little fruiterer's shop in the outskirts of a city, is denominated Western Market. The instances which I have mentioned are by no means the most glaring.—The name of Waverley-place, in New York, has nothing bad in it : it shows as much as the Walter Scott grit, which I found advertised in the Berlin Royal Gazette, in 1826, the great popularity of the Scottish novelist.

The name of a place is not the place itself, I grant ; no more is the flag under which a gallant sailor fights for his country, and would fight for her, were it green, pink, lilac, buff, or chocolate, the country itself. Yet, I should like to know whether our sailors would not prefer, if they have the choice, the bright and tasteful flag of the United States, which has given rise to so many poetic allusions,—the star-spangled banner, with its stripes and stars, to the Meck-

lenburg flag, with a large ox-head on a white ground, and a ring through its nose? I, for my part, prefer a place with a simple name, to any American Memphis or Sparta. Some may accustom themselves, after a long time, to hear of a village Manlius without thinking of its namer, in like manner as no one now is reminded of the eminently ludicrous character of the appellation *jardin des plantes*, but others cannot so accustom themselves; and all the absurdity of the thing appears in its most glaring light, as soon as we come to form an adjective of these names, and to call an individual, born in these places, an Athenian, Roman, Ciceronian, Demosthenian, &c. Names of this kind have, as light wood railings round a palace, something provisional in them, as if they were not intended to last long; it gives a kind of unsettled character. I do not deny that these names reminded me, constantly, while I was gliding along on the canal, of the journey of the Empress Catharine through the painted villages of the Crimea, when she was greeted by peasants from great distances; though the American places, themselves, which bore these names, gave rise to ideas of a very different character,—to wit, those pro-

duced by the sight of substantial comfort. On the other hand, it may be allowed, that this immense variety of names gathered from all countries and all ages, partly results from the peculiar situation of the United States, before which all civilized countries lie like a map. Distance of time and place produces impartiality. Still it remains a caricature, though caricatures exhibit traits of character with more effect than when they are shown by more accurate delineations. The first canal boat we passed exhibited on its stern these words :

SHAKSPEARE OF LYSANDER.

What a monstrosity ! no satirist could have wished it better. Republicans call a place after a general, whose character was the very opposite of what ought to be valued by republicans. But this is not the only instance I have met with, of names given so much at random, that they are, in fact, synonymes of wickedness. I have even sometimes found the names of persons, held up in the Old Testament for execration, ignorantly bestowed upon children. And a canal-boat, for the carriage of goods, dragged by one horse, and so slowly that all the pas-

senger-boats overtake it, is called after the most favoured of all the inspired disciples of the Pierian maids.

As botanists have now succeeded in somewhat reducing the art of giving names to new plants, to certain rules, so I think considerable assistance might be derived in the formation of new geographical names, by paying some attention to the subject, and representing clearly to ourselves the effect intended to be produced. There are some general rules applicable in this case, as in any other; *e. g.* that good taste, which strictly avoids every ludicrous, or uncalled for association, ought to guide us, that simplicity is always requisite for beauty and propriety, &c. The most important after these seems to me the sound. The name of a place ought to flow easily, neither to be too long, nor too short, nor have an outlandish character, if no palpable reason for the contrary exist. The sound is, perhaps, even more important than historical recollection, if the latter can only be preserved at the expense of the former, because a name is a thousand times pronounced in the common concerns of men, without its historical

meaning being remembered, and if we have sacrificed to the latter, fine sound, and rhythmical flow, we have lost, in all these cases, every thing.

Secondly, if the name may be derived from some historical event, so much the better. It is well to surround ourselves, as much as possible, with that which reminds us of memorable events or persons; Göthe says, "The best which we have from history, is the enthusiasm it excites." But I would always advise to be cautious as to using nouns proper of persons for places. It is not in good taste to call a place Thompson, Brown, or the like, yet Hudson, I own, is good enough; for the latter is not so much associated in our minds with the idea of personality. Thirdly, geological features may afford good materials for names, yet good taste must here, as in all other cases, decide. Thus, Mount Carbon sounds to me flat; it smacks too much of lectures on chemistry, while, perhaps, Colliers' Home does very well for a small number of houses, where the colliers of some neighbouring coal-pits live. The form of mountains, rivers, &c., often affords us

the elements of fine names, such as fork, ridge, mount, confluence, (like Coblenz,) rapids, fall, rock, bridge, &c. Fourthly, the vegetable world: a prevailing plant, tree, or herb, may afford a very convenient element for nomenclature, sometimes it may give us a whole name, which is not bad; *e. g.* Mount Holly, Laurel Hill, Cedar, or Pine Grove, &c. Fifthly, the comparison to other places, by the addition of Little, or New. But this, as I have said, ought to be used very carefully. Sixthly, any English names of small places, villages, &c., some of which are very fine, and have never yet been used in this country. They are preferable to Italian, French, &c. names, simply, because they belong to our own language, and do *not* carry any association of ideas with them. Leominster, or Newham, sounds to me much better, for a small place, than all the Lodies and Waterloos. Seventhly, invention by arbitrary composition. If the person be utterly at a loss what name to bestow, let him put the consonants of the alphabet, written on separate pieces of paper, into one hat, and the vowels into another, and let him draw alternately from one or the other; sometimes, if he choose, he

may draw twice from the consonants, until he has a word with two or three syllables. Though words, thus formed, will often be strange to our ears, they will at other times be exceedingly sonorous, and as it is very easy to make a great number of them, it is necessary only to select the finest. I confess, I do not like this way very much ; for it is better to follow the general rule, that man ought to discard chance wherever it is in his power, and to let reason and reflection guide him.

In order to form names after the above rules, it would be well to collect a number of elements of names. We have *ville*, *borough*, (not as often used, *by-the-by*, as it ought to be) *city*, (as in Delaware City,) *town*, *mount*, *creek*, &c. But these are by no means enough. It seems to me that if we consider of what elements many thousands of old geographical names are composed, we might use many of these component parts to great advantage, provided they be congenial to our language ; on which account, words and syllables of Teutonic origin would generally be best. The following may serve as samples, though there are many more :—

Ac, derived either from the Celtic *aa*, or the Latin *aqua*, signifies a proximity to water, and occurs often in the South of France, as the final syllable.

Adel, German for noble, often used for high, noble mountains.

Alt, German for old.

Arde, last syllable of several Dutch names, and signifies as much as the German *Erde*, earth : for example, *Oudenarde*, Old-Earth.

Arl, *Aar*, and *Adler*, German for eagle, as *Arlberg*, Eagle-Mountain.

Bach, German for rivulet.

Balt and *Belt*, Celtic for a great assemblage of water : for example, the Baltic and the Belt.

Berg, German for mountain, (and, in the English language, an ice-berg.)

Borg, Danish and Swedish for castle, and might be taken as borough.

Burg, German for the same.

Brig, Celtic for bridge.—Bothwellbrig in Old Mortality.

Brunn, German for well : for example *Markebrunn*, (where fine hock is raised,) Well on the Frontier.

Den, Gothic for town.

Dorf, German for village.

Dun, Celtic for hill.

Ec, *Ey*, *Aye*, Celtic. Mostly found with names of plants, trees, &c., and signifies an assemblage of them.

Ey, Scandinavian for Island, as in Anglesey, Isle of the Angles.

Feld, German for field. (If there happen to be two Greenfields, it might be convenient to change one into Greenfeld.)

Fels, German for rock.

Fiord, Danish and Swedish for *détroit*, an arm of the sea.

Furt, German for ford.

Gar, German and Persian for a fortified place.

Haff, German for port.

Hof, German for yard, a farm.

Holm, Scandinavian for islet.

Juge, last syllable of many Saxon names, meaning field.

Kerke, Flemish corruption of the German *Kirche*, Scottish kirk, church.

Mark, German for frontier, thus Markshuhl, i. e. Suhl on the frontier.

Mor, Celtic for sea.

Mund, German for mouth of a river.

Nant, Celtic for rivulet.

Ness, Scandinavian syllable at the end of a word, signifying a promontory, as Inverness.

Nieder, German for low.

Norr, Gothic for north.

Ny, Danish for new.

Ober, German for upper.

Oe, Danish syllable of termination, signifying island.

Ort, German for place, as Fredericsort.

Oude, Dutch for old.

Pen, Celtic for summit.

Schæn, German for beautiful, as *Schæneiche*, Beautiful Oak, and *Schœnbrunn*.

Seng, Danish for near.

Stein, German for rock.

Thal, German for valley, dale.

Wald, German for forest.

There are many short and well-sounding elements of geographical names in the Asiatic languages, but it would be droll again, were we to make compounds with the Chinese *ho* for river, *pe* for north, *pao* for fortress, *men* for passage,

or *lar*, the Russian for shore or bank, or *hima*, the Sanscrit for cold.

If we add to the above elements those we find in English names, but which we hardly ever use in our compounds, such as, *chester*, (from *castrum*,) dale, frith, hall, ham, (the same with the German *heim*, as, in Durham, meaning home, abode, head, hill, stone, wick, and wich, (from the Latin *vicus*,) &c., we shall have a number of geographical elements, which, if used according to the above rules, might serve for the composition of many fair names. For instance, if the name Thompson must be retained, Thompsonort seems better than merely Thompson. It is not meant to say, that the given elements of foreign languages are better than the corresponding English ones, but one or the other may be more convenient in certain compositions, or the English syllable or word may have been used already, and every body who has at all directed his attention to the subject, will agree with me, that the enormous repetition of geographical names in this country is a serious evil, which threatens to become greater every day. I have made some inquiry in various post-offices and the general post-office in Wash-

ington, and have found, what can easily be imagined, that the large number of places of the same name occasions, both to the offices and the public, countless inconveniences. In fact, you have but to open a gazetteer in order to convince yourself of what I say.

If, then, a name is to be given to a place, township, county, &c., and no appropriate Indian name be still in existence, let the name-giver inquire whether there be any prominent object within it, or whether any important event has happened there, and then try whether, with the above elements, a fair name may be compounded; for it is to be adopted as a rule, that, generally, some natural connexion should subsist between name and place. If the place has ever borne an Indian name, retain this before all others; if it be too long, omit a syllable or two; if it be too difficult for white men to pronounce, change and shape it according to our organs, but retain the name as far as possible. Indian names have the advantage of natural growth and antiquity; we feel as if they belong to the place, and are not pasted on as something arbitrary, which may be changed again with equal caprice. Besides, the Indian names of our

country are generally well sounding. If we come to the South American Iztaccihuatls, Huitzompans, Cajotepeques, and Axajacatls, it is different, indeed; yet, even there, if a general assumes an elevated tone in his proclamation, or an orator be desirous of addressing his hearers in a dignified style, they resort to the Indian names, and call the inhabitants of the different Mexican states by the native names of those countries. This may be owing, in a great measure, to the love of pompousness, so natural to Spaniards and their descendants, but there is, besides, a great power in ancient names. They are like the short titles of works, with the contents of which we are well acquainted. The French revolution abolished carefully the old names of the different provinces which had constituted the kingdom, and introduced the more statistic names of the departments. At no subsequent period of the republic or the empire were they revived or even alluded to, until Napoleon returned from the Russian snow-fields. Then, when he was conscious of being obliged to call for new and unheard-of exertions, when he felt that he was in want of the undivided energy of the whole nation, he, for the first time,

called upon the inhabitants of Burgundy, Brittany, Provence, Languedoc, &c., to rush to the banners for the defence of the sacred soil of their country and national independence. With a man like Napoleon, in his situation, and knowing the French nation so well, we cannot ascribe this fact to trifling motives, or, perhaps, to chance.

Another way of making names would be to collect the most general processes by which corruptions, or, to use a milder term, transformations have been brought about; to reduce the whole to some rules, and to apply them in given cases. But the difficulty here would be, that first the name or word, to be transformed, is wanting, and, secondly, that these transformations would, in most cases, not be easy, often impossible. Besides, the whole would be too scientific a way, and it is the people, who bestow the names.

Madame Roland (that high-minded woman, but misplaced in her age, as we find not a few such characters in history, who should have lived in Rome when Coriolanus threatened it, or when Hannibal was carrying terror over Italy) begins her memoirs, relating to the

French revolution, by an anecdote of her grandmother, who, when one day the curtain support of her bed broke down, exclaimed, in astonishment, "This has lasted fifty-five years, how does it happen to break now!" I agree with the old lady, and as this dissertation on names has lasted so long, I intend it shall last a few moments longer.

Names very often amuse me, by giving me an opportunity of tracing their probable connexion with events of history. There are Baron de Schmidts (Smith) in Germany. Great and powerful convulsions of affairs were required to raise this name—originally given to individuals engaged in occupations which were considered fit only for slaves and bondsmen—to a rank in the peerage. The existence of this title represents, in the smallest possible compass, the ascendancy which the popular principle has been continually gaining over the aristocratic throughout the whole European race. Again, take a name like Tariffville. What was not necessary to produce such a name! It is a *nux historica*.* In order to induce people to

* Thus is the text, but when the editor received the proof sheet, he found that the printer had made of it, *nux vomica*. Did he do it on purpose?—EDITOR.

give to a place so flat an appellation, their ardour for a tariff must have run high indeed; it represents the existing state of American politics at the time, the zeal of the northern states to vie with older countries in the career of manufacturing industry, and brings to mind the struggle against this course of policy. But the name tariff would not have been given in this country to the subject which it designates, had not England adopted it from Italy—Italy to which we owe, with so many other branches of modern civilization, one of the most important—the modern system of commerce. And she again took the word tariff from the Orient, which, in many respects, had obtained, at the time it afforded the name, great superiority over the Occident. Through Italy was then running the great stream of commerce; and mighty revolutions caused it at once to flow in a totally different direction, and made Spain great, and gave to Portugal the age of heroism. And Camoens, the soldier, bard, and swimmer, the noble poet, and the beggar, is brought before your mind, or the Italian tariff reminds you of the ancient castle Tarifa, which no sailor that ever passed the Straits of Gibraltar, will forget

—that monument of the Spanish Manlius, Don Alonso Perez Guzman, called *el Bueno* * by his grateful king, for having, like a hero, refused to surrender the castle to the Moors, who had captured his first-born son and threatened to behead him before his eyes, should he not surrender. Guzman, as answer, threw down from the battlement his own sword, with which the Moors severed the head of the son, in the presence of his father. And all the deeds of Spanish chivalry and the songs which celebrate them in Castilian tongue, may rise up before you and—thus you may dream on, and on, if you are obliged to halt in a dreary inn of a barren place such as little Tariffville. Or take the name of Brazil, a vast, rich, and most glorious country, called after *brasa*, Portuguese for coal; or Africa, originally a mere province; or Madeira, sounding so pleasantly to the connoisseur in her noble wines, from *madera*, Portuguese for wood, or, properly speaking, *matter, stuff*.

These are instances of names which rose to signify higher things than they originally de-

* This is the name which congress might have bestowed on Washington, had they thought fit to bestow upon him any peculiar appellation whatever. Washington the Good; it is a meet designation. But history is now bestowing it.—EDITOR.

signated ; there are other words which have met with a similar fate. The Spanish *rostro*, the proper word for face, which no poet hesitates to use, is derived from the Latin *rostrum*, which, probably, was introduced into Spain in connexion with the meaning of face, by the Roman soldier, who, vulgarly, would use the word *beak* for face, as people, of the same class, with us, would use *snout*, by way of contempt. Or, who thinks that when he says, Macbeth is the most tragic of all dramatic compositions, that he calls it, in fact, the most goatish of plays ? But there are, in original languages, words of domestic origin which, nevertheless, have been elevated to the rank of a much more exalted signification than their original one. Yet their number is infinitely smaller than that of the words, which continually sink in their meaning. Words and phrases, in themselves the purest possible, become, in the course of time, common, vulgar, and even indecent, or, must I say *indecorous*, the word *indecent* itself having sunk already too low ?

I'll give you yet another instance of a far-travelling name. The Baroness de Riedesel tells, in her memoirs, that she presented

her husband, commanding the Hessian and Brunswick troops against us, with a daughter, when in this part of the world. She was called America, and is now America, Countess of Bernstorff. She would not have received this name, had not the chain-rewarded Columbus, an honour to mankind and a shame to monarchs, been wronged out of the glory due to him and to him alone. Then consider, that the Italian name Amerigo, the same with Emmerigo, is one of the many names not unfrequent in the northern part of Italy, brought thither by the conquering Germans, such as Arrigo, Carlo, Ludovico (Luigi,) Matelda, &c. Amerigo and Emmerigo are derived from the German Emmerich; so you see that our western hemisphere bears a German name, which made the *tour du monde* before it came back to its original land in the person of Countess Bernstorff. However, the name is certainly most melodious and beautiful, and I feel truly grateful that the Spaniards have not named our part of the world after the family name of the Florentine merchant-navigator. Suppose our great continent to have been called Vespuccia !

The wrong done to the noble-minded Genoese,

was felt, when Congress called the small piece of national ground,—where we meet to prove that we are a nation, and love to have one banner, waving alike over the representatives from all parts,—the *District of Columbia* ; and when the American poet mentions his country, inspired with her noble destinies, he calls her Columbia, so that here, we have two names, one for politics and the common concerns of life, and one for poetry, as the Greek gods had an Olympic name, and one “ by which mortals call them.”

The quaint names used in all parts of the United States, but especially in the Eastern states, have often been commented upon, and I will not give you a list of them ; I should not know where to stop. The custom of adopting names from the Old Testament, and, as I have already remarked, often with inconceivable negligence, so that women have sometimes to carry a name through life, which calls up in the mind of every one skilled in the Old Testament associations of a most unpleasant kind ; or of giving the family name as a surname to a child, which is customary also in England, and a usage I like, though it cannot be denied, that it often

gives rise to very queer compounds, as in the instance of a boy, whose baptismal name was Dolittle, after an uncle of this name; or that of following mere whim or fancy, renders these strange names very frequent. The following I cut out of the Barnstable Journal, of February 9, 1832, which I happened to find. There are, certainly, quaint names enough in a very short space, and not put together for any other purpose than the advertising of marriages.

“ In West Barnstable, by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Capt. Thomas Cobb, of Hyannis, to Miss Temperance Cobb, of W. Barnstable.

“ In South Dennis, Capt. Julius Baker, to Miss Diadema D. Killey. Capt. Shubael Nickerson to Miss Phœbe Downes.

“ In North Dennis, Capt. Aaron Crowell to Miss Fear Hall. Mr. Jeremiah Hall to Miss Thankful Howes.”

There was a lady in Berlin, so full of enthusiasm for the glory of regenerated Prussia, that she called her son *Landsturm* of Eighteen-hundred-and-Thirteen, (Militia of the Third Banner of 1813;) another called her daughter *Blücherine*, and you remember perhaps the Prussian cabinet-order, which forbade clergymen

to baptize children by any other than customary names—a law which, in spite of my hearty dislike of quaint and ugly appellations, I thought very queer. If parents are not the best people to be trusted with naming their children, I think still less ought they to be trusted with cutting their hair or nails, or judging of the best time of weaning them. This is certainly a striking example of the peculiar intermeddling principle, the cultivation of which, at one time, was considered, on the European continent, as the greatest problem of domestic politics, but which is now gradually giving way to more expanded views of legislation.

In few things, perhaps, appears the difference of the English and American character in a more decided light than in their respective regard for names and descent. As soon as an Englishman becomes known in any way, his descent is traced out through as many generations as possible. “He descends from a family highly respectable for several generations, in such and such a county,” is an expression we often meet with in English publications. If some distant relationship to some distant nobleman exist, it is sure to be ferreted out, were all

the pages of history to be ransacked before it can be arrived at, and did it exist, after all, but in the collateral line, as of some daughter to some nephew of some sister of some earl. Who can read the preface to the memoirs of Lord Collingwood without a smile? However, a preface of this kind is easily forgotten, when the excellent subject of the biography may so justly say, with Napoleon, "Let my nobility date from myself." When Washington had risen to be admired, even by his enemies, the Garter King-at-Arms, Sir Isaac Heard, requested the great man for his genealogy, as we are told in Roscoe's Memoirs. Such is the course of things: little people pay high for having made out their pedigree in London or Vienna; distinguished men, like Washington or Napoleon, are begged to give it, or to accept it from obsequious inquirers, and—care little for it.

That this wish to prove a respectable origin comes from a praiseworthy source, can be denied by no one; but sometimes it degenerates into the ludicrous. On the other hand, the ease with which Americans change their names is still more astonishing. That a change of name is readily granted if the name be im-

proper, or, as I saw in the petition of a lady to the New York legislature, if a change be necessary, "for obvious reasons," (the name, it must be owned, was one of the ugliest I had ever heard,) is no more than just. However great the respect we bear to our parents may be, I do not see any reason which obliges us to carry through life a name unfit for society, or expressing or indicating something ridiculous, and transmit it to our children. It is certainly not right to make a change of names so difficult as in many countries, where it approaches nearly to an impossibility. But the levity with which names are changed in some parts of the United States is again an abuse. Often it amounts to nothing more than that a person is called A B C., and now wishes to call himself B A C. I will send you, as a proof, a whole act, granted by the legislature of Massachusetts, in 1830, to change the names of persons. Remember, the legislature sits annually and, probably, grants usually as large a number of changes;* at least, I have not heard that the

* We give the list of these names, though apparently a tedious enumeration, at full length, because it is, in fact, a subject worthy the attention of our legislators, and will be

accompanying is an unusually large number. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten

interesting to many readers, as characteristic of American moveability:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

AN ACT TO CHANGE THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS THEREIN MENTIONED.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in general Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That Webber Ricker, of Boston, may take the name of George Webber Ricker; that Orlando White, of Boston, may take the name of Henry Kirke White; that Samson Wilder Thurston, of Boston, may take the name of Wilder Stoddard Thurston; that Petro Papathakes, of Boston, may take the name of Peter Patterson; that William McManagle, of Boston, may take the name of William Pinkerton McKay; that John McManagle, of Boston, may take the name of John McKay; that Elizabeth McManagle, wife of the said John McManagle, may take the name of Elizabeth McKay; and that Mary Ann McManagle, daughter of the said John McManagle, may take the name of Mary Ann McKay; and that his son John Pinkerton McManagle, may take the name of John Pinkerton McKay; that Rebecca Waitt, of Chelsea, may take the name of Ann Rebecca Waitt; that Thomas James Prince, of Boston, may take the name of James Prince; that Lucius Augustus Hoar, of Boston, may take the name of Lucius Augustus Horr; that William Smith, of Boston, may take the name of William Otis Smith; that Blowers Danforth, of Boston, may take the name of Bowers Danforth; that Thomas Goddard, son of James Goddard, of Boston, may take the name of Thomas Austin Goddard; that Nathaniel Thayer, minor, son of Susan F. Thayer, of Boston, may take the name of Nathaniel Frederick Thayer; that Andrew Haskell of Boston, may take

that there are more individuals of the same name in America than I have found with any

the name of Andrew W. Haskell; that William Eckley, minor, son of David Eckley, of Boston, may take the name of William Havard Eliot Eckley; that Robert Lapish, of Boston, may take the name of Robert Hardison Dalton; that James Lloyd Borland, son of John Borland of Boston, may take the name of James Lloyd; that William Richardson of Boston, may take the name of William Horatio Richardson; all of the county of Suffolk.—That Elizabeth Wendell, of Salem, may take the name of Mary Elizabeth Wendell; that Samuel Becket Kehew, of Salem, may take the name of Samuel K. Appleton; that Elianan Winchester Knight, of Salisbury, may take the name of Winchester Knight; that Josiah Cooper, of Newburyport, may take the name of Henry Franklin Benton; that Caroline Chase, of Newburyport, may take the name of Caroline Boardman Chase; that Harriet Chase, of Newburyport, may take the name of Harriet Augusta Chase; that Peter Augustine Kimball of Ipswich, may take the name of Augustine Phillips Kimball; that William Micklefield, junior, minor, son of Mary Magruth, of Salem, may take the name of Thomas Morris; that Daniel Putnam, junior, and William Putnam, second, sons of Daniel Putnam, esquire, of Danvers, may severally take the names of Daniel Franklin Putnam and William Richardson Putnam; that Timothy Dow Plumer, minor, son of Nathan Plumer, of Newburyport, may take the name of Charles Henry Plumer; that Helen Elizabeth Cook, and that Joseph Augustus Edwin Long Cook, minor, children of John Cook, junior, of Newburyport, may take the respective names of Helen Mar Cook, and Joseph Augustus Cook; that Pedro Blasina, of Beverly, may take the name of Edward Harrington; that Margaret Welman McMillan of Salem, may take the name of Margaret Ann Maskall; that Cynthia Clarinda Dennis Young, minor, daughter of Levi

European nation. Names which signify occupations or qualities, such as Young, Brown,

Young, of Ipswich, may take the name of Cynthia Clarinda Young; that Nathaniel Rogers Lane, of Gloucester, may take the name of Fitz-Henry Lane; that Daniel Jackson Doggett, of Ipswich, may take the name of Daniel Jackson Akerman; that Lucy Lord Doggett, wife of the said Daniel Jackson Doggett, may take the name of Lucy Lord Akerman; that Joseph L. Doggett, may take the name of Joseph Lord Akerman; that Sarah L. Doggett, may take the name of Sarah Lord Akerman; that Lucy M. Doggett, may take the name of Lucy Maria Akerman; that Susan L. Doggett, may take the name of Susan Lord Akerman; that Walter P. Doggett, may take the name of Walter Phillips Akerman; the last five above-named persons are minor children of the said Daniel Jackson Doggett; that Daniel Wardwell, the third, of Andover, Mable Putnam Wardwell, wife of the said Daniel, that Susan Putnam Wardwell, minor, daughter of the said Daniel Wardwell, may each respectively take the surname of Davenport, instead of Wardwell; that Morris Hern, of Rowley, may take the name of Morris Hersey; that Joseph Wormwood of Lynn, that Susan Wormwood, wife of the said Joseph, and that Eliza Ellen Wormwood, daughter of the said Joseph, may each respectively take the surname of Everett instead of Wormwood;—all of the county of Essex. That Charles Carter, minor, son of Jacob Carter, of Leominster, may take the name of Charles Augustus Carter; that Stillman Hoar, of Sterling, may take the name of Stillman Haven; that Hannah Ward Hoar, wife of the said Stillman Hoar, may take the name of Hannah Ward Haven; that Oscar Dexton and Ward Knowlton, minor sons of said Stillman Hoar, may severally take the surname of Haven; that Jonathan Fairbanks, of Leominster, may take the name of Henry Fairbanks; that Samuel Granger, of New Braintree, may

Black, White, (why does no nation use Blue as a family name? All other decided colours are

take the name of Edwin Granger; that Thomas Lawrence, second, of Leominster, may take the name of Thomas Edmunds; that John Babcock, of Fitchburg, may take the name of John B. Marshall; that Nathaniel Bradford, of Fitchburg, may take the name of Gustavus Lyman; that Ann Maria Keyes, of Ashburnham, may take the name of Almira Keyes; that Thomas Woodbury Gaffield, of Grafton, may take the name of George Woodbury Hale; that Oliver Goodridge of Lunenburg, may take the name of Oliver Newton Goodrich; that Abiel Murdock, junior, of Leominster, may take the name of Thomas A. Murdock; that William Meriam, junior, of Ashburnham, may take the name of William Sanborn Meriam; that Nabby Willis, of Charlton, may take the name of Abigail Ellis Willis; that Mary L. B. Wiswall, of Westminster, may take the name of Mary Lyman; that Sarah Crouch, of Bolton, may take the name of Sarah Alvira Nelson; that Jefferson Beers, of Spencer, may take the name of Edward Beman; that Samuel Bullen, of Charlton, may take the name of Samuel Boyden; and that Adams S. Bullen, of said Charlton, may take the name of Adams Boyden;—all of the county of Worcester. That Moses C. Danforth, of Lowell, and that Pamela Danforth, wife of the said Moses C. Danforth, may severally take the surname of Monroe instead of Danforth; that John Henry Blasker, of Lowell, may take the name of John Henry Blake; that James Nichols, junior, of Reading, may take the name of James Churchill Nichols; that Vashti Brigham Barns, of Reading, may take the name of Mary Jane Barns; that Haslet McManagle, of Marlborough, may take the name of Haslet McKay; that Nancy McManagle, wife of the said Haslet, that Ann, his daughter, and that William Pinkerton, his son, may respectively take the surname of McKay instead of McManagle; that Ephraim Littlefield, of Holliston, minor son of

used by one or the other,) Mercer, Carpenter, Carter, Smith, are common every where; but

Oliver P. Littlefield, deceased, may take the name of Ephraim Oliver Prescott Littlefield; that Benjamin Thompson, of Charlestown, may take the name of Benjamin Lowell Thompson; that Samuel Matticks Ellenkittle, of Townsend, may take the name of William Matticks Rogers; that James Kidder, minor child of James Kidder, junior, of Watertown, may take the name of James Hosmer Kidder; that Jason Chamberlain Smith, of Holliston, may take the name of Jason Smith; that Anna Damon, of Reading, may take the name of Anna Pratt;—all of the county of Middlesex. That Isaac Mahtoa Wansongthi Adams, of Brooklyn, may take the name of Isaac Mahtra Wansongthi Adams; that Franklin Oakes, of Cobasset, minor son of Levi Oakes, may take the name of Benjamin Franklin Oakes; that Martin Spear, of Dedham, may take the name of Henry Forrister Spear;—all of the county of Norfolk. That Anna Mayo, of Eastham, may take the name of Anna Doane Mayo; that Lucy Knowles, of Eastham, may take the name of Lucy Harding Knowles; that Thankful Hallet Bray, of Yarmouth, may take the name of Susan Augusta Bray;—all of the county of Barnstable. That Ignatius Loring, of Great Barrington, may take the name of Almon Ignatius Loring; that Grosvenor Curtis, of Egremont, may take the name of Harvey Grosvenor Curtis;—both in the county of Berkshire. That John Foster, junior, of Scituate, may take the name of John Hatherly Foster;—of the county of Plymouth. That Calvin Hoar, of Northampton, that Phœbe Hoare, wife of the said Calvin, that William Patrick, and Samuel Johnson, children of the said Calvin, may each respectively take the surname of Hoyt instead of Hoar;—all of the county of Hampshire. That Elisha Hunt, of Northfield, in the county of Franklin, may take the name of Elisha Watriss Hunt. That Martha Leavett Mayhew, an adopted

names of a different signification, and many of which are derived from baptismal names, such as Jackson, Andrews, Williams, Jones, Hamilton, Patterson, are very frequent. You have only to look at a directory of any of our large places, to convince yourself of the truth of this remark. This paucity of names, which exists in England, likewise, though not in so great a degree as with ourselves, (except in Wales;) creates, of course, much confusion, which people are sometimes desirous of escaping by a change of name.

It happens, besides, very frequently, in the United States, that property is left to a certain person on condition of his changing his name for that of the testator ; thus exhibiting again a strong desire of perpetuating a certain name.

daughter of Leavett Thaxter, of Edgartown, in the county of Dukes, may take the name of Martha Leavett Thaxter ; that Nancy S. Covell, of New Bedford, may take the name of Nancy S. Blackmere ; that Abigail Gifford, daughter of John Gifford, of Westport, may take the name of Abby Gifford ; that Isaac Hathaway, of New Bedford, may take the name of Isaac Franklin Hathaway ; all in the county of Bristol ;—and the several persons herein mentioned are hereby allowed to take and hereafter be known by the respective names which by this act they severally are authorized to assume.

Approved by the Governor, March 13, 1832.

The growing up of family names, as well as the peculiar distinction of Roman names, into *prænomina*, *nomina* and *cognomina*, have served as grounds for various broad remarks as to the history of civilization. I will not here trouble you with my notions on this subject, but merely relate to you a fact of great interest, with which you might not become acquainted otherwise. Mr. Schoolcraft, in his Narrative of an Expedition to Itasca Lake, the Actual Source of the Mississippi, in 1832, (New York, 1834,) says, in page 146, "The most striking trait in their (the Indians') moral history, is the institution of the *tontem*—a sign manuel, by which the affiliation of families is traced, agreeing more exactly, perhaps, than has been supposed, with the armorial bearings of the feudal ages. And this institution is kept up with a feeling of importance which it is difficult to account for. An Indian, as is well known, will tell his specific name with great reluctance, but his generic or family name,—in other words, his *tontem*,—he will declare without hesitation, and with an evident feeling of pride." The philosophy of this is like that of the prohibition of mentioning the name of his Chinese majesty.

He is emperor, and that is all. All individuality is merged in the general ideas of sovereignty—the same principle as that of the French, *le roi est mort, vive le roi*.

And now the tester of my letter, having lasted so long, at length breaks down, and I wish you a good night.*

* The author speaks, in this letter, of American fickleness respecting names. In as far as this relates to names of places, it is not peculiar to the inhabitants of the United States, but results from certain relations inherent in countries so newly and rapidly peopled as many parts of North America. But lately the name of York, in Upper Canada, was changed back into its ancient Indian name of Toronto.—EDITOR.

LETTER IV.

Utica—Its shops or stores—Standard of comfort in America—The weigh-lock—The Trenton Falls—Sound of the falling waters—The *mania comparationis*—A lovely country—The Ridge Road—Round-about way of answering—Idiom of New England—Flour mills in Rochester—Lockport—New England activity—No peasants in America—condition of the cultivator of the soil—The American farmer—Rent—Heads of statistical tables—Titles and decorations—Absence of cripples in the United States—Causes of this—Treatment of children—A Roman baby—A cradle rocked by water.

UTICA is a fine and friendly looking city. You are acquainted with the astonishing rapidity of its growth, owing, chiefly, to its peculiarly favourable situation on the canal, and in a point where many channels of a large productive country concentrate. In the year 1794, the place contained nineteen families; at present, it counts above 10,000 inhabitants. This city,

by the way, affords one of the few instances in which the name of an individual might, with perfect propriety, be bestowed upon a place. Instead of calling a town, which owes its peculiar character as to beauty and importance to its inland situation, after an ancient seaport, chiefly renowned for the suicide of noble Cato, would not Clinton have been a more appropriate appellation, after him whose monument Utica as well as many other thriving places on the canal may be considered? This name, it seems to me, would have had all the requisites of a good geographical appellation; and if, in former ages, men were called after places, places may well be called now after men, provided there be a strong reason for it, and the name have not too strongly assumed the character of a personal designation. I cannot help considering it in bad taste to call a town Smith or Taylor

Utica is remarkable in the history of civilization, for when she was made a city in 1832, an express prohibition against licensing shops for retailing ardent spirits was inserted in her charter,—a restriction made, probably, for the first time, in the history of the world, though

temperance societies existed as early as in the middle ages.

The main street of Utica, like that of every other place in the Union, if at all considerable in size, exhibits a large collection of those vast shops or stores of all kinds, which, in the great numbers in which they are scattered over the whole country, seem to me quite peculiar to the United States, and to indicate the immense consumption of their inhabitants. In England, especially in London, retail shops of extraordinary size, with twenty and thirty people in them, to wait on the customers, may be found ; but they are not so frequent in the smaller places. The spacious shops, or stores, as the Americans call them, of ironmongers, druggists, grocers, and for the sale of earthen ware, &c., have always astonished me. They prove, on a larger scale, what you see continually on a smaller one in your own house, in the streets, &c., that the American consumes more than any other human being, in respect to victuals, dress, and domestic concerns. There is not so much patching, pasting, puttying, in the United States, as in other countries, especially on the European continent ; and when, in 1833, the

judges of a court in Kentucky had to decide in a specific case, of what “a decent new suit of clothes,” to be furnished to apprentices on the expiration of their term of service is to consist, the bench decided that it ought to be worth fifty dollars. Broad-cloth is here much dearer than in Europe, I own; yet this sum, large for the case, may serve you as indicating, in a degree, the “standard of comfort,” which altogether is much higher in this country than any where else, if we speak of the industrial classes. Servants live infinitely better here than in Europe. If we could obtain as accurate statements respecting consumption of all kinds in any large place in the United States, as we possess of Paris, we should be astonished at the statistical results. I have made out some calculations of the kind from the lists of importations, but I think it will be better to reserve these statistics for another opportunity; for they will serve as the basis of some farther reflections, too extensive, and of too numerical a character, for these familiar letters. My desire is to give some scientific work on the United States; and, there, tables and calculations of this kind will be more in their place.—“Very

bad men, very bad, throw away best things," said once a Chinese servant to me, when I spoke with him on this country, in comparison with his. Poor fellow! the contrast must be great, to be sure, with his dishes made of every part of animals; and I, too, thought of the sheep entrails boiled with maize, which I was forced to eat in Corinth, and which hunger was able to make me swallow but not to relish.

The object of the greatest interest to me, in Utica, was a weigh-lock—an American invention if I am not mistaken. The toll for freight on the canal is proportionate to weight. To arrive at the weight of a cargo, gauges are commonly used: this is the process of weighing, for instance, in England; another means is used here. A steelyard on a gigantic scale is constructed; the scale, formed in a manner that the bottom of a vessel fits conveniently in it, hangs by three pairs of iron rods on a strong iron beam, which rests and plays on three nice points of steel. To this large iron beam another is fastened perpendicularly in a horizontal plain, forming the arm from which the scale, destined for the weights, depends. The whole is so balanced, that one pound in this latter scale

balances one hundred pounds in the large scale ; and, with such a degree of nicety is the whole machinery made, that quarter pounds are used as weights, which, of course, counter-balance twenty-five pounds in the large scale. This hangs down into a small basin, communicating with the canal, with which it can be disconnected by a lock. Whenever a boat is to be weighed the lock is opened, and the vessel floats into the basin between the iron rods of the scale, which is now under its bottom. The lock is closed, and by another lock the water is discharged from the basin, so that within a short time the whole boat hangs dry in the scale. Weights are now placed in the weighing scale ; the original burden of the boat, the testimony of which every boatman carries with him, is deducted from the gross weight, and the toll is paid accordingly. The weight of the boat and cargo on which I saw the operation performed, was sixty two tons or 136,000 pounds ; much heavier cargoes, however, are weighed. When the whole was balanced, I was able, literally, to move by my little finger, 136,000 pounds up and down. When the lock has admitted again a sufficient quantity of water,

and the boat is once more set afloat, the first lock is opened, and the boat floats out. The operation of weighing, which I witnessed, lasted from the time the boat entered the lock to its sailing out again, nine minutes; but three or four minutes must be deducted, as the weigh-master had to fetch a lantern, it having grown dark. He assured me that when the people on board the boat understand the details of the whole operation, and no unnecessary delay takes place, he can weigh any boat in less than four minutes. I could not learn the name of the author of this invention, the more interesting as it is the bold application of a simple principle known to every one. In the cathedral of Pisa, the work of Buschetto, the worthy Greek architect, I found the following inscription on the monument erected in his honour :

Quod vix mille bovm possent juga juncta movere,

Ed quod vix potuit per mare ferra rates,

Busketi nisu, quod erat mirabile visu,

*Dena puellarum turba levabat onus.**

* “ A burden, which hardly could be moved by a thousand yokes of oxen, and which the vessel could hardly carry over the sea, has been lifted, a marvel to see it ! through the exertion of Buschetto, by ten girls.” Near Philadelphia is a weigh-lock of the same kind, and, probably, they are now to be found on other canals in the Union.—EDITOR.

The engineer who invented the weigh-locks, deserves to be celebrated in a similar manner, though, it is to be hoped, in a better style.

About fourteen miles north of Utica, are the Trenton Falls. Before you reach them, you have to pass over the heights, which form the basin or kettle, as the German topographer calls it, in which Utica is situated. From them you have a fine view of the whole. Utica lies before you, as in a nest, well-bedded. The Trenton Falls are formed by the West Canada Creek, a river—though called with us a creek, which empties into the Mohawk, but which, like the Missouri, has been wronged out of its name, and is, properly speaking, the upper part of the Mohawk, as the Missouri is the upper part of the Mississippi. I send you a description of Trenton Falls, by John Sherman, “through whose instrumentality the now celebrated Trenton Falls were prepared for examination, and brought into public notice.” You must endeavour to pick out for yourself the interesting facts from the chaff of poetico-religious prating, to which, as yet, the Americans are certainly more given than any other civilized nation. Many books, indeed, in whatever language,

when the subject matter is natural scenery, descend into this verbose and therefore unfelt "enthusemussy;" but the Americans excel in that style of description, which the Germans would call a "screwed" admiration of nature. — True, deep-felt delight at the beauties of nature, is silent, or it speaks a language very easily to be distinguished from that cant, which carries with it the proof that he who utters it thinks of himself and his words far more than of the subject, which, as he pretends, causes his transport. A rude or blunt man, who feels nothing at beholding nature's magnificence, or charms, is no agreeable companion; but, if I must choose, I would a thousand times prefer him to a sentimental prattler. It was, undoubtedly, disgust, caused by artificial raptures, or swollen, yet hollow phrases, which induced Göthe, when one day he visited some of the finest points around Jena, in company with some ladies, and they were soaring high on "the winged words," to turn round to a gentleman and drily to say, "Let us eat some of the sausage, while the ladies are so busily admiring."

The Trenton Falls are most romantic. I

went to see them with a young clergyman of Boston, but now settled in Kentucky, who felt, and therefore did not say much, and whose acquaintance I value as a real acquisition. It had rained for several days previous to our visit, and the Canada was consequently, very much swollen, so that the narrow foot-paths, or I ought to say, foot-steps, hewn in the rocks, were covered by the hurrying waves of the river, which tumbled like melted amber, graced with early snow, from rock to rock, and we had to walk, sometimes with no little danger, for several hours barefoot in the water. But we were well repaid ; no visitors disturbed us, and we could quietly enjoy the many beauties and variegated charms of this delightful spot, which looked as if made for the reveries of Petrarch. What nooks, and corners, and steep walls, cascades on cascades ; what whirling and tumbling of the water, rushing with such rapidity, that you are unable to follow with your eyes a branch thrown in ! The sound of the falling waters seemed to me, by two tones higher than that of the Niagara, which appeared to me to be G, an octave, below the first line in the bass. I believe I am not mistaken, as I ascertained re-

peatedly the sound by my own voice, and verified it, as soon as I found a piano.

A man who suffers seriously with the *mania comparationis*, which seems to be a very common disease among all civilized nations, might compare the general character of the Trenton Falls to that of Saxon Switzerland, though there is no tumbling waterfall in that country equal to the cascades of the Canada at Trenton. The person who first called the mountain scenery of Upper Misnia, Saxon Switzerland, must himself have been grievously afflicted with this mania, which, in spite of its universality, has not been enumerated by any Rush, Pinel, Esquirol, Horn, or Heinroth; and certainly he has not done any service either to the scenery or the traveller. People seem to think that they elevate a pony by comparing it to an Eclipse or Henry; but Bolivar remains Bolivar, though you may call him the Washington of the South. It is always forgotten that nothing recoils with such malignant force, as misplaced, or hypocritical, or servile comparison: no one laughs at the frog, until puffed up and comparing himself with the bull.*

* We perfectly agree with the author. The *mania compa-*

There is, near the largest of the cascades which constitute the Trenton Falls, a horizontal plateau of rock, on which abundant spray is continually falling. When we visited this spot, at half-past eleven o'clock, on June 22nd, the sun formed a rainbow horizontally over this plateau, about a foot from the ground. It surrounded us in a semicircle, of a very short diameter, and, of course, moved with our movements, presenting altogether a very striking appearance.

If you go from Utica to Lockport, by land, you have the advantage of passing through a number of truly lovely places, which seem quietly to flourish there in the west, under the benign influence of the sun of liberty, shedding his enlivening rays upon a blessed and fertile country. No places in the world can make a finer impression, than Onondaga, Skaneateles, Auburn, (where you will not omit to visit the state-prison, though standing in bold contrast

rationis, as he calls it, is so common, because it is the abuse of a general principle. We may say, we live upon comparison; the processes of thinking, of acquiring knowledge, of obtaining even simple ideas, are founded upon comparison; language subsists by comparison. But it is true, we must not abuse this principle, which all limited minds are but too prone to do. It is the cheapest kind of critique.—EDITOR.

with the smiling country around,) Geneva, and, before all, sweet Canandaigua; from here you must go to Rochester, a wonder of the west, and then proceed either by the Ridge Road, or by canal, to Lockport.

The Ridge Road is very interesting in a geological, or topographic, or, I should say, in a hodological view, to make a new word; because nature has acted here, for once, as *ingénieur des ponts et chaussées*, and made a convenient and even road of gravel from Rochester to Lewiston, a distance of eighty-seven miles; while, generally, she wisely leaves the making of communications to man's activity. Its general width is from four to eight rods. Near the rivers Genessee and Niagara its elevation is from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty feet. This height is also its elevation above Lake Ontario, from which it is distant from six to ten miles. There is a regular and gradual descent from the road to the lake, and no way of accounting for this ridge seems to exist without supposing that the surface of Lake Ontario was, at some former period, one hundred and thirty feet higher than at present. There is a similar ridge on the south side of Lake Erie, one hundred and twenty miles long.

It was while travelling on this Ridge Road, that I asked a farmer, who was one of my fellow passengers in the stage-coach, where he originally came from ; for he had told me, in the course of conversation, that he was not a native of the state of New York, where he had now a farm. "Why, sir," said the old man, "my wife is from Mansfield in Connecticut." Two young friends of mine, of Boston, burst out in a loud laugh ; and I directly asked, "And you, too, are undoubtedly from New England?" He answered in the affirmative. He was a fine, good-humoured old man, who had already invited me to stay a day or two with him. He had been above twenty-five years in this state, yet he had not got rid of the New England round-about way of answering, which has so often provoked me. This anecdote, I think, is still more characteristic than that which Abbé Corea used to relate. He was travelling in New England, and observed, at a distance, a fine blue flower. "My boy," said he to a lad working in the field, "what's the name of that blue flower?" "Why," answered the boy, "that yellow flower is called cowslip." Here there was at least some ignorance to be concealed, as

the boy did not know the name of the blue flower ; but, in my case, nothing else could induce my otherwise frank companion to give his spiral answer, except the deep-rooted custom of the common New England people, never to say or admit at once and frankly, "yes," "no," "this" or "that," but always to prefix an "I believe," or to suffix an "I think," or some such words. What would Fichte have said, in such a case ; he who wished, and not without some good reason, to excommunicate the whole class of *indeterminative* phrases, such as, "as it were," "so to speak," "one might say," "in a degree," "if I may say so," the many "perhaps," "might," "may be," &c. So much is certain, that the less sound and firm a writer, the more he resorts to these qualifying expressions. On the other hand, the adopted style of some languages is much more timid than that of others. In the same degree as the Americans and English are more apt to adopt names and expressions of practical life in their writings than the Germans, they are more timid in using comparisons and metaphors ; and you may use a hundred images in German prose, which you cannot introduce into English common writing

without craving permission by a "so to speak," or putting over the glowing word an extinguisher, such as, "If I may use the expression."

I remember, soon after I had arrived in Boston, I asked a man, whether he had the key of a garden, where the gymnasium was, with him. "I believe," he answered, and the key was a big thing, large enough for a Briäurus to have known whether he had it or not in his pocket, and sufficiently long to fight a duel with, as the students of Upsala are said to fight them. It was long before I could accustom myself to this unmanly phraseology.

There are in the idiom of New England, a number of, what the first grammarian of the Yankee will have to call round-aboutives, such as, I suspect, imagine, suppose, believe, judge, fancy, think, guess, reckon, calculate, conclude, rather think, am of opinion, am inclined to think, should think, should imagine, &c. all used where there is no intention to convey the idea of uncertainty. If this be the case, quite different expressions are requisite. There are whole phrases of a similar character, which it is not easy, at first, properly to appreciate. If you ask a thorough Yankee any thing,

and he answers, "Hem, I don't know," the word *know* pronounced with a rising voice, you don't know whether he means "yes," or "no," or neither. If he answers, "I don't know," it means *no*; if he says, "I don't know that I shall," he means to express doubt; but if he answers, "I don't know but I shall," he means *yes*. The English, on the other hand, continually throw in their—"you know," though it may be a case where a man cannot possibly know any thing. Thus, I was once conversing with an English gentleman, a friend of mine, when, in the course of conversation, he made me guess something. I answered rapidly, "I know," believing to have discovered the subject to which he referred, when he replied, "You can't know, whether you know it, you know." In the southern parts of Germany, the common people use the *wissen's*, (you know it,) in like manner as conversational suffix, or *interfix*, if you want it more accurately expressed.

In Rochester are some of the largest flour-mills in existence. It is really interesting to see, how here again, as in all other cases, true art and knowledge simplify the subject. There is more flour made, in a much neater way, by

less expense and trouble, in one hour, in one of these mills, than within whole days in several others. Some years ago, I became acquainted with two millers, sent from Prussia, to study these mills of the west. They were delighted with them, and I suppose you know that Evans's Mill-wright's Guide has been re-published in England and translated in France, probably in Germany too, and is altogether the standard authority, among the gentry, who still keep to hair-powder. Thanks to him, who gave the decent, simple, fine name of Rochester to this place, whoever he may be, or have been. Perjury was a crime so common with the old Franks, that a man was lauded, for never having perjured himself, as if he had been somewhat of a saint; so, I think, ought those individuals, who, in this part of the country, have the moral courage to bestow a simple and proper name upon a place, be held up for public veneration.

At Lockport, (another decent name,) you will do well to take passage in a canal boat, after having examined the stairs, which the locks form here. They are at the foot of the Mountain Ridge, five in number, of twelve feet each,

to rise, and five others to descend. The whole is of fine workmanship, and offers an interesting sight, when boats, full of people, goods, and live stock, are rising sixty feet, and others close by, descending the same height. Between them, are convenient steps, with iron railings. Above Lockport, or, in fact, partly within the village, the cut begins, by which the Grand Canal has been led a distance of three miles, at an average depth of twenty feet, through the rock of the Mountain Ridge. Lockport contains, at present, four thousand inhabitants.

The native of New England is found here, as all over the Union, chiefly, however, besides his own part of the country, in all western states. It is remarkable how often you are reminded in the course of your journey, of New England activity. You see a large "academy building" on the road, and ask your fellow-travellers, Who keeps it? Mr. Such-a-one. Where does he come from? From New England. You hear of a good country school-master: you ask, Which is his native state? A New England state. You ask, Who was the engineer of this rail-road, or that canal? A New England man. Who keeps this tavern so well in Rochester? A New England man. Where

did this rich farmer come from, who inherited nothing, and has arrived at immense wealth? He came from Connecticut. Many of the most eminent lawyers and merchants, in different cities of the Union, came originally from New England. If you ask, Who pursues the whale on the distant main, far up to the north, and who goes "sealing" on the New Shetland Islands? It is New England men. Who keeps up that brisk coasting trade, the modest but most important part of marine commerce? New England captains command the vessels. Who are the owners of this manufactory, which consumes so large amount of domestic produce? New England men.

If you make out a list of the members of congress, and of governors of the new western states, according to their birth-places, you will find among them, a disproportionate number of New England men.—And these are the worthless people of certain travellers! If they have ways and customs of their own, which are not pleasing to a visiter, if those among them who have not travelled are sometimes infatuated as to their country and climate, they are, at worst, but like most people. Besides, I reason from results. A people who do what they do; who,

at their elections, behave as they do, must be considered a valuable part of our Union. Take it away, and you slacken the bow-string.

In going to the west of New York, you have to pass through the Genesee country, the delight of wheat-growing farmers, and which reminded me of Goethe's exclamation, when passing through Naples' happy fields and endless gardens: Yes, here it is worth the while to cultivate the ground.

Far from agreeing, as a politician, with those writers who wish to see the right of representation attached to landed property only—a system, which, at one time, when the great mass of intelligence found a pretty fair standard in landed property, was sound, but which the noble struggle fought by the cities of the middle ages for all mankind, ought to be considered as having dismantled for ever; and equally far from agreeing as a political economist with that school, which considers the cultivation of the soil as the only source of national wealth—I, nevertheless, consider, both in an historical and political view, the condition of the cultivator of the soil as invariably one of the most interesting subjects which any nation can offer to our observation.

In America there is no peasant ; I do not mean that there is no bondsman, that is a matter of course ; but the American farmer forms no class by himself. He is a citizen to all intents and purposes, not only as to political rights, but as to his whole standing and social connexion. No views of his own, no dress distinguish him from the inhabitant of the towns. He is no conipode, no rusticus, no Jaque Bonhomme,* no villain, or boor. He is a farmer, and may be rich or poor ; that is all the difference. This circumstance seems to me of great importance in our whole national organization, and would alone account for numerous phenomena, which foreigners often seem unable to explain.

The condition of the cultivator of the soil will always afford one of the standards by which to estimate the general amount of liberty enjoyed by a nation ; at any rate, it will always form an important item of the scale, and nearly every peasant war, if at all of a general character, has been in consequence of advancing civi-

* Conipode means dust-footer, a nick-name given by the inhabitants of ancient Greek cities to the peasants ; Jaque Bonhomme was the nick-name given by the French nobility to the peasantry, keeping quiet to be fleeced.—EDITOR.

lization, whatever the appearance of it may have been at the moment ; however ferociously the peasant,—treated like a beast and breaking loose like a beast,—may often act. We may turn with horror from the revolting cruelties which often, perhaps generally, have stained these wars, yet not on one side alone ; the masters have shown as much cruelty as the insurgents, yet, as I said, these insurrections have been nearly always in consequence of the spreading of some general, broad ideas ; whatever may have been the immediate cause for the out-breaking, whether it be of a religious, political, or physical character, only excepting mere accidental causes, such as the cholera, and the consequent suspicion of the Hungarian peasants. Often enough, it is true, their struggles have ended by a total submission of the cultivator ; hardly ever has he risen from the lowest and most degraded state, without a struggle, the fiercer, the more degraded the struggler had previously been ; until, in modern times, concessions have sometimes been made by the intelligence of the rulers alone. Such was the abolition of all service attached to the soil in Prussia. But whether Prussia would have been

led to this peaceable change at that time, without similar changes having taken place in other countries, where they were obtained after fearful contests only, is another question.

The rise in the scale of social and political existence, of the *farmer*, is a much more melancholy subject than the gradual rise of the mechanics and industrious commoner, but of equal importance; and I repeat it, whatever cruelties of the peasant we meet with in studying this subject, our opinion of their masters will not be exalted either in England, France, Germany, or Hungary. The Stellingier, the ancient Saxon peasants, the peasants in Switzerland, in Normandy, in Jutland and Schonen, the Stedinger, these noble Frisians, the Pastoureaux in the south of France, the Jacquerie, the peasants under Wat 'Tyler, Ball, and Straw, the Curuczians or the Hungarian peasants under George Dosa—all prove the truth of what I say. It has been long, and after much, and oftentimes, apparently unsuccessful struggling, that the farmer has elevated himself throughout a large country, to that station which he now occupies. Instances do indeed exist, that in former times, the free peasants of a small country were

as jealous of their rights, ready to defend them, and proud enough of their condition, as the Ditmarsians, that intrepid and most noble band, which nevertheless was doomed to perish. Yet in most cases the farmer has either risen from actual slavery or servitude, to independence; or he had been reduced from a state of a free proprietor, to that of fettered and stinted ownership, by long continued attacks of the stronger, by way of force or fraud, and had to emerge again.

The American farmer generally owns the land he cultivates in fee simple; what he gains is his. He is intelligent, thinks, and knows how to converse on his affairs. I have never received from one a stupid answer. He loves his country, yet has no especial attachment to the peculiar spot of his birth, which, however, I believe nowhere exists in any great degree, except where the farmer cannot move. If he sees before him a noble country, where he can buy for a dollar and a quarter an acre of ground, yielding abundant crops and affording him the greatest pleasure a farmer knows, that of seeing a fine soil willingly answer to his labours, it would be strange indeed were he to remain on a jealous

earth, which seems to grudge the husbandman his well-earned reward. A proof of this may be found in the emigration by thousands and thousands of European peasants. On the whole, the American farmers are a hardy and well-disposed race. Homer's wise—

“*Ἡμισυ γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαινυται εὐρύσπα Ζεὺς
Ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δουλίον ἡμᾶρ ἔλῃσιν.*”*

does not only continue to be true, but is also true reversed, and Jove *gives* half of the virtue with liberty.

That you should not seek for refined and minute husbandry among the farmers in the west, who have to plough between the stumps, because the labour to dig them out would cost more than would be gained from the spots thus obtained, is evident; and that, moreover, the facility with which a farmer can here obtain land, sometimes induces him to commit the common fault of farmers, of husbanding too much land, and thereby scattering his means, you may easily imagine. Bad as the soil is in the Mark Brandenburg, I have still but little doubt that in

* Half of the virtue of man is taken away by far-sighted Jove, as soon as the day of slavery begins.—EDITOR.

many places the farmer would obtain fair crops, could he be induced to abandon part of his land and cultivate the rest with greater care. The thirty years' war, which exterminated the inhabitants of some whole villages, threw too much land into the hands of the remainder. On the other hand, it is necessary to travel but a short distance toward the west, in order to be convinced how erroneous the frequent assertion is, that the Americans are more a commercial nation than any thing else; they are, on the contrary, thus far essentially agricultural, that not only the vastly greater part of them are farmers, but also that their disposition is fitted for the farmer life. Every American loves farming. In this the Americans resemble the ancient Romans and the English, not the Greeks, who never were famous farmers.

If I say, you should not seek for refined and minute husbandry here, I speak of the west alone. In some parts of the same state of New York, which have been settled for a long time, and where the price of the land is not so exceedingly low, if compared to the price of labour, farms are found which are managed with minute care, in all the different branches of hus-

bandry ; so that the farmer does not only compete with the cultivator of the soil in other countries, as to his chief article—wheat, but even butter is exported in considerable quantity from the farms along the Hudson or near it. Some of the best butter, called Goshen butter, is exported to Malta and other places of the Mediterranean, where the best kind brings as much as a halfpenny more per pound than the best English or Irish butter. Thus I have been told by a gentleman who had long resided in various ports of that sea. So we go ; American butter sent to the shores of antiquity !

In the west of New York, probably, nine farms out of ten are owned in fee simple, though many (perhaps as much as a third) are subject to mortgage. A lease is seldom for more than ten years, and for a rent in kind, or money, or wheat alone. The proportion of produce given as rent is, with few exceptions, (I speak, here, always of the western part of New York,) one-third of the grain, and one-half of the hay. This proportion is delivered to the lessee, ready for market, on or near the premises. On fine wheat land it amounts to about two dollars and a half per acre, for all the farm not in timber. Many re-

cent leases are at about two dollars per acre, for the cleared land. One-third or fourth of a farm is generally reserved in timber. One hundred acres is the magnitude of fair farms. Those persons who occupy less, carry on, besides, some trade, or take jobs and work on larger farms; few farms exceed five hundred acres. Many consider the largest farmers the best cultivators; and the character of the cultivation is here, of course, as every where else, governed by the relation between price of labour and price of land, as I said before. Throughout the United States, as compared with Europe, labour is dear and land cheap, and it is this which causes difference in American cultivation and agricultural improvements, and not, as is not unfrequently supposed, a want of industry or capacity for business in the agricultural population. It is very obvious, that a farmer upon one of the western prairies, who gives one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre for his land, seventy-five cents per diem to his labourers, and gets for his corn from ten to twenty cents per bushel, must adopt a different mode of agriculture from the European cultivator, who pays for his land many pounds per acre, a few pence per day to his labourers, and

who gets for his products from ten to twenty times as much as the western farmer. Reverse the case, and let the English farmer pursue the American mode of cultivation, and *vice versa*, and one would be ruined about as soon as the other. Each must adapt himself to the given circumstances, and only thus can prosper. At least, nine in ten of farm labourers in the west of New York, purchase or lease farms by the time they are twenty-five years of age. A majority of them go to the west, after having accumulated from 200 to 500 dollars, and purchase government lands. There are very few of the class of cottagers. Those who are so, I have been told, are generally found improvident, incompetent to take care of their earnings, intemperate, or the victims of unusual misfortunes. There are, as I said, few of them. The plough used throughout the state of New York is the cast iron mould board plough, patented by Wood, and found to answer better than any which have been tried of a different construction. I send you the drawing of it, the sacred weapon of the conquests of civilization: it differs essentially from yours, is simple, and seems to me very judiciously formed.

The American farmer appears to me, as a member of society, superior to the farmers of other countries with which I am acquainted ; I mean the actual cultivators of the soil, and of large countries, the population of which is nearly equal in number to the inhabitants of the United States ; for there are spots in Europe where the farmer is certainly superior in some respects to the American farmer in general, for instance, Altenburg. I have not sufficient personal acquaintance with the English common cultivator, but according to what I know of him, and to conclude from various circumstances, I should believe him not to be superior. So I consider the American mechanic, intelligent, industrious, and well-disposed in general. They, like the rest of mankind, labour sometimes under delusions and seek to redress evils, such as a diminution of demand of their articles, by means which, by this time, experience ought to have exploded ; but I hold my remark to be true, in general.

The degree of physical comfort and mental development, in which the two large classes of a nation live—those engaged in husbandry and the common mechanics—is of so vital an interest

to society, and a clear knowledge of it so indispensable for the formation of a correct idea of a nation, that it has appeared to me necessary to reduce those vague expressions, as, "the farmer of such a country is a superior being;" "a greater stock of ideas is to be found among them;" "the mechanic of such a country is more intelligent," and others of the kind, to distinct nations, if we be at all desirous of comparing two countries, decidedly different in their character. You do not believe that I am guilty of the sin of statistical temerity, which declares that there is "but one prophet and one truth"—the tabulary form, and acts as if the most delicate relations of the human society were tangible by numerical calculations; but, on the other hand, you know also both my conviction, that in no case in which an extensive subject lies before us, we can hope for any degree of accuracy in our knowledge, without analyzing the matter and abandoning wholesale thoughts and phrases, and the great value I put upon the collection of any statistical data, on whatever subject it be, (and, were we in possession of a correct statement of the number of carious teeth in a large place, or how many pints of tears have

been poured forth in a year, or how often people have given their most decided opinion on subjects they do not know, or how many books have been read, and how few thoughts been gained, &c.—all these would furnish valuable data to a Guerry or a Quetelet: and altogether, I think, could we but arrive at domestic statistics, they would prove more important than those relating to national affairs.)

I have, therefore, endeavoured to analyze the physical and mental life of these classes into its component parts, and thus tried to arrive at a more definite knowledge. I will not give you here the tables which I have drawn up for this purpose, because a statistical work would be a fitter place for them, and you shall have them sooner or later. I will but give you an idea of them, so that you may decide whether I am likely to have arrived at the truth in judging of the American farmer and mechanic.

The first division is Physical Comfort; some of the most important items under this head are, what constitutes the great bulk of nourishment, (potato, rye, wheat, or rice, &c. ;) and is it the same food with that of the better classes or of a totally different substance? how often

do people eat meat, what is their chief beverage (beer, wine, grog, &c. ;) clothing, (of what does it consist? what is it worth? &c. ;) Domestic Comfort; what houses do they live in, crowded or not? Cleanliness; in what station is the woman? &c.

If I speak of dear or cheap, &c., I always use these terms with reference to the value of a common day's labour, as unit, and with reference to a comparison of this value of a day's labour, to the daily expenses of an individual, considered in a common comfortable situation.

Further questions are, whether the people are generally good looking, of what race, and whether peculiar in an anatomical view. Then comes the state of agriculture, whether quite rude, whether improved, whether the results of science are continually applying to it, or stationary; whether utensils are home-made or bought; cattle, &c. Are there societies for its furtherance, or not, &c.

Character; cowardly or courageous; open and manly, independent, gay or morose, fond of drinking, hunting, love of country; seafaring men, mountaineers; whether provident or not, &c.

Civil State. Participation in government, justice, &c.; criminal laws; corvées, military laws; castes, or equality.

Intellectual State. Education, reading, writing, &c., of males and females; at whose expense the schools are kept; poetry, whether acquainted with national poetry or not, romances, &c.; music; knowledge in general; reflective; inventive; whether they form a progressing society or a stationary, striving for improvement; are the history and the laws of the country generally known; division of labour; public amusement; love of dance; is there much police of government; colours of dress, and whether national; influence of clergy, and their condition and learning; knowledge of value of time; state of medicine; popular belief in supernatural powers, &c.

This may serve to give you a very general idea of my plan and tables. More I do not attempt to offer you here. The last division contains more especially those ideas, for the amount of which we have to inquire, in order to ascertain more clearly the intellectual state of a given tribe; I mean, for instance, the ideas of right and wrong, (how different are these in a

Brushman, a Turk, an American,) of attachment to the soil and society ; (wandering, hunting, settled community, lively interest in the welfare of the community, public spirit,) value of time; (Indian, Turk, Spaniard, Englishman;) family attachment and care for the young; combination of forces and division of labour, (Patagonian, numerous compauies in England and here,) fine arts, taste, &c. ; religion, &c.

After this test, I have given my above opinion of the American farmer, though he is, with regard to some items enumerated above, very deficient, and far inferior to the Italian husbandman for instance. But in order to ascertain how near I have come to the truth, more is necessary than the mere observation of outward signs. What are outward signs! deceptive indeed, if not well and cautiously weighed. Suppose a foreigner goes to the continent of Europe; the first thing which strikes him may be an odd title, conscientiously pronounced each time that the name of the person is mentioned, who perhaps wears a little riband in his button-hole, such as in the country of the traveller children only, and that but very young ones, would dare to wear. Would he be warranted in setting

down the whole people as a childish race, which pays attention to such unmanly decorations? He may read in the official paper of some government, that a certain counsellor in a distant provincial place, received a snuff-box with diamonds from his monarch, that he placed it on a table in his house, and invited all his acquaintance to come and view it. The traveller may, with perfect propriety, compare the account of this affair with a similar one, in the Peking Gazette, in which the public are informed, that Governor Lee, of Canton, has received the peacock feather; that it was placed in the great audience room of the gubernatorial palace, and there received the honour due to this sign of imperial grace and favour.

But would our foreigner be justified in going farther in the comparison of the two governments, nations and countries? That man who wears the little riband in his button-hole, or who lays out the snuff-box for the admiration of his friends, may be a man of independent character, zealously working for the true benefit of his country,—perhaps (it happens often, indeed) despising these very signs, while the monarch who bestows them knows, too, that by no means

always the most worthy obtain them. Yet he uses them as a means, following the advice of Horace, with a slight modification: *Misce stultitiam pecuniæ brevem*; and—such things often are connected with a thousand extraneous matters, from which it is impossible to disentangle them in the moment. Every form of government has its sham, though undoubtedly with some there is a far greater quantity of it than with others.

During my tour through this part of the Union, I remarked again, what had always struck me as peculiar to this country, wherever I have travelled in it—the absence of cripples. Here there are no hunch-backed sextons as in Italy, no deformed hostlers, no lame in the street. Are such persons merely removed from the observation of the traveller, or are, in general, families better able to provide for these unhappy beings, so that their misfortunes are not so much exposed to the view of any but their friends? We cannot account in this way for the rare sight of deformed persons in the United States. Deformity is actually of comparatively rare occurrence. Any inquiry into the subject will show the fact. On the Continent

of Europe deformed persons are not of very rare occurrence, even in the better classes ; here they are nearly unknown.

Whether the comparative ease of child-birth in this country can be considered as one of the causes of the fact in question, I do not know ; but, in my opinion, it certainly does not form the chief one ; the two following causes are, perhaps, the true ones. In the first place, the Americans have, in a considerable degree, adopted the English treatment and management of infants, in which, as in every thing else appertaining to physical education, the English so vastly excel the nations of the European Continent. The free play, which is allowed to every limb of an English baby, together with the whole treatment, contributes certainly not a little to the formation of those fine figures we meet with in England. A hundred unhappy ways of incasement, and of fettering the tender limbs of the young creatures, together with the most injurious systems of nourishment, are yet common on the continent of Europe, especially with the lower classes. Whoever has seen the infant of a German or Italian peasant, and does not declare that its

remaining alive in spite of all parental care and love, proves that man is made of the toughest material in the universe, as if in him the durability of glass had been united to the pliability of Indian rubber, can be no lover of truth.

Secondly, American parents seldom leave their young children entirely without capable attendants, or under the care of children but a little older than the infants themselves. You rarely see here a child of two years dragged about by a little sister of perhaps ten, and both in danger of deformity, the one by being exposed to falls, the other by carrying a burden much too heavy for its yet undeveloped limbs.

It might be thought, that at a later age, American children are quite as much exposed to accidents, calculated to induce deformity, as with us; for a more independent, and, I may add, more daring race, than that of American boys, I think does not exist. Climbing, riding, driving, sailing, shooting, are *arts* which they cultivate with great zeal and boldness. Perhaps this very independence at this age, contributes to make them better fitted to take care of themselves, and to escape unhurt, where others would be injured. Yet I would not give much for

this argument ; for the obvious reason, that deformity may be brought on by a single mishap, such as these independent boys daily run the risk of.

I like American boys very much ; there are a frankness and boldness about them, which please me greatly. They are, when very young, not unfrequently fine looking, and it appears to me that, in this respect, the Americans are like the Jews. Their children are beautiful, and again, their old men are fine looking, because the good looks of Jews and Americans consist much more in the delineations of the bones than in any thing else ; their young and middle-aged men, therefore, do not strike me as generally good looking. A set of less attractive faces than those you meet with in some of the northern houses of representatives, can hardly be imagined. So hollow, care-worn, and looking almost as sour as their cider actually is.

Speaking of babies, I was reminded of a little thing well bandaged from chin to toe, which, during my residence in Gensano, near Rome, a woman used to bring to an old cobbler, who worked in the noblest workshop I ever yet have seen—under heaven's canopy. The baby was

provided with two bands, fastened like leading strings, and near the proud cobbler, who “mended bad soles” right opposite my window, was an iron hook; on this the woman would hang her baby by the leading strings, with a “*Come sta, amico mio?*” “*Benone, grazia, cara mia grazia,*” said the light-hearted disciple of St. Crispin, who continued to hammer and sing away, while the little thing was hanging from the hook, dangling about and crying, its shoulders bent forward, and its arms hanging perpendicularly down, as if it had been the intention of the mother to teach the child the position of a higher and more conspicuous hanging. After the child had screamed for a while, as if near its end, the mother would return from her errand or labour, and ask, “Well, my dear neighbour, how has the *bambina* been?”—“*Un’ agnella, signora cara, una colombina,*” would the cobbler reply, having, perhaps, actually not heard the child bawling, as if its lungs had been made of the remains of a pair of blacksmith’s bellows.

When I visited the Riesengebirge,* I once entered the log-house of one of the graziers,

* The chain of mountains in Silesia.—EDITOR.

who live in the highest parts of this chain of mountains, and feed their cattle on the short but fine grass growing on what the Tyrolese call *Käs* and the Swiss *Alps*.* When I entered, I observed nobody in the room, but in one corner I saw a cradle, moving, apparently without a rocking agent. Was I within enchanted walls? I approached the cradle, and a healthy looking baby was enjoying in it a sound sleep, its round little head moving and rolling on the pillow from one side to the other. Farther inquiry showed me that far from all the machine-stirring world, a second Arkwright dwelt here on the mountain-top; for the father of the baby had used, with great ingenuity, the rushing stream, which every grazier in this part leads through his dairy-room to keep his cream and butter fresh, as the moving agent of the cradle. I defy any Yankee, with all his ingenious "improvement" of "water privileges," to beat our countryman here. Truly, I thought this looked like coming pretty near to the time when children are to be baptized by steam.

* *Käs* in Tyrol, and *Alps* in Switzerland, signify those small patches in the high mountains on which that fine grass grows, which is almost as thin as hair, and affords excellent pasture for dairy cattle.—EDITOR.

LETTER V.

Buffalo—American enterprise—Slave-emancipation—Mental and physical difference between the white and black races—Remarks on the question of Abolition of Slavery in America.

BUFFALO, the western point of termination of the Grand Canal,* is an interesting place, both for its situation on Lake Erie, and its rapid growth, which it bids fair to continue for a long time. It is astonishing to see wide streets (a little too wide, indeed, like those of Washington) of handsome and high houses of the best appearance, where but a few years ago an inconsiderable village was all that was to be seen.

* Of this, as of all other canals and rail-roads, a brief, but instructive description is contained in "A brief Description of the Canals and Rail-roads of the United States, &c. By H. S. Tanner. Philadelphia, 1834." This small work is a useful addition to Mr. Tanner's large map of the United States, in four sheets.—EDITOR.

What is to be done, my dear friend, if the plan of a place is at once to be laid out? Wherever I have seen towns built according to a regular plan, they seem to be failures, contrivances which look very well on paper, or sound well if you hear them described, but are very different in reality. From the concentric circles of Carlsruhe to the compound plan of Washington, all these places have a thousand inconveniences in practice, and as to the rectangular plan, on which Philadelphia, Mannheim, and many places here and in Europe are laid out—taste, in matters of this kind, is no subject of discussion, but I dislike the eternal sameness of this plan, if the place be of any considerable magnitude, particularly if to the rectangular prose be joined the abstract numbers in the appellation of the streets. Man is a systematizing being; systematizing is, in part, thinking itself. Hence his fondness for seeing principles carried through; but very often principles only sound well, because they appear simple, while applied, they offer little for approbation. Such is to me the rule after which the Philadelphia streets are called. I have a peculiarly good sense of locality, and

never lost my way in a foreign place, with the only exception of Philadelphia, where to this day I am continually obliged to ask, "What street is this; seventh, eighth, ninth?" while directions given to me, escape my mind much easier than those in other places, owing to the character of generality attached to all these numbered streets; and, as to the numbers combined with the letters of the alphabet, as in Washington, they require a man born for a mathematician, to remember these *viatic* formulas. A man may just as well remember

$$\text{Cotang} : (180^\circ - a) = -\text{Cot.} : a,$$

as Mrs. So and So's, on the N. W. corner of B and Sixth and a Half streets.

Before I entered the city of Buffalo, close to it I found an instance which very strikingly exemplified the immense power which custom exercises. I saw a farmer's house built of stone, and having the appearance of being owned by a man of substantial wealth, yet, though of brick and spacious, it was built on the Westphalian plan, the cattle and horses standing with their heads turned into the barn, at the end of which are the hearth and sitting-room of the family. Here the farmer had the ex-

amples of much more convenient farm-houses around him, he had all the means of imitating them, yet he followed a plan which originated in times when neither cleanliness, health, safety, nor even interest was made a subject of unprejudiced reasoning, and improvements were but rarely made. Thus the migrating nations in the beginning of the middle ages, carried a thousand customs with them into countries for which they were not calculated.

In the hotel the following card was given to me :—

STEAMBOAT UNITED KINGDOM,

AND EMIGRANT'S GUIDE.

		miles.	s.	d.
Distance from Quebec to Montreal .	. 180	S. Boat	7	7
„ „ Montreal to Prescott .	. 140	D. Boat	6	3
10s. { Prescott to Kingston .	. 70	S. Boat	5	0
{ Kingston to Toronto .	. 180	„	7	6
{ Toronto to Queenston .	. 41	„	5	0
Queenston to Chippawa .	. 10	Wagon	2	6
20s. { Chippawa to Port Stanley	150	S. Boat	15	0
{ Port Stanley to Sandwich	150	„	15	0
Sandwich to the entrance				
of Lake Huron .	. 70	„	7	6
Entrance of Lake Huron				
to Goderich .	. 75	„	7	6
	<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>
	1,036		£3	18 9

What distances and cheapness ! The steam-boat which I found here for Chicoga, I think I have already mentioned ; in fine, distances are not considered in this country as in Europe ; if they were, we should not have crept much beyond the Allegany mountains by this time. And what is the reason that a thousand miles in the United States are not as much as a thousand miles in Europe ? There are several reasons for it, in my opinion. First, The early settlers had to think of many thousand miles off, whenever they thought of their beloved home. Thus, a far different unit by which to estimate other distances, was laid down in their minds. It is clear, that a person settling a hundred miles from them, could not appear far away to those who had their original home some thousand miles off ; and, although a generation born on this continent soon grew up, their relations to Europe still continued to be of such a character that all considered themselves intimately connected with her ; and even to this day, we feel that, as to every thing in science and civilization, we are closely connected with Europe ; and a lady in New York thinks no more of going to Havre or Liverpool than a lady in London of going to Paris.

This feeling, together with the vast unsettled continent before them, induced people to push on and settle at great distances, especially as the life of the early colonists was such as to develop a daring spirit of enterprise, which gradually has settled down into a fixed trait of American character. General Moreau, when residing in this country,—so said a French gentleman, an acquaintance of mine,—believed that no soldier would be equal to an American, if well and thoroughly disciplined, (to be sure, the present militia would require some “rub-bings,”) because, said he, “an American doubts of nothing.” It was true what Moreau observed that an American doubts of nothing; sometimes owing to enterprising boldness, sometimes to want of knowledge or to self-confidence, always, in a measure, to the fact, that want of success in an enterprise is not followed in the United States by obloquy or ridicule, even though the undertaking may have been injudicious. This, though often calculated to mislead, is, on the whole, an excellent thing; and, even supposing a man to have miscalculated his strength in one attempt, he may take better care the next time.*

* “Or he may not,” as one of Mr. Mathew’s characters says.—EDITOR.

This spirit of enterprise and adventure pushed new settlers far into all directions ; a consequence of which is, that we now dwell in a vast country, inhabited by people of the same language, and living under the same laws—another reason why distances appear shorter to us. The comparatively small number of mountain chains is a third cause of the same singular fact. As we require objects by which to judge of distances,—thus, for instance, objects seen over a wide expanse of water, appear nearer to us, than when the view lies across an equally extensive tract of land,—so a distance by land, if we have to pass through many different languages and governments, and over mountains, appears to us greater than if no such intervening objects existed. In the Atlantic states, people are, besides, so familiar with voyages to Canton, the Pacific, Buenos Ayres, &c., that I have seen in Europe more bustle in a family, a member of which was going to a university, perhaps some sixty miles off, than I have here when the son or brother was embarking for China or the Manillas. The steam-boats,—which greatly facilitate travelling, the population being scattered over so vast a country,—and the migra-

tory disposition of the American in general, originally caused by the above given reasons, contribute, in turn, their full part to the production of the same effect. The next nation after the Americans in this respect are the English, whose possessions in all quarters of the globe would make them consider distances as still less than the Americans, were their own country not so very confined. Every mile has there its full value.

Not distances alone are measured here by a standard different from that of other countries; time, too, receives a different value, but it is measured by a smaller standard than in Europe. An American wants to perform within a year what others do within a much longer period. Ten years in America are like a century in Spain. The United States really change in some respects more within ten years, than a country like Spain has within a hundred. England moves, in all practical affairs, quicker than the continent: the United States move quicker still, in some respects, than England. There are many reasons for this more rapid movement which I will not oblige you to read: let me only observe that it influences all relations of

life. According to recent statements, a female servant in London remains, on average, four hundred and sixty-two days in the same situation. I have no doubt that, if similar accounts could be obtained from Germany, we should find that they remain much longer there in the same place, and the corresponding period in New York would average much less. Sometimes individuals long for a stationary country, where things remain in their place for some time, and where one does not feel all the time as if tied to the wing of a windmill. This desire is very natural : whether they would be pleased by a change for a long time or not, is quite a different question. For the rest—the choice is not with the nations. There are, at present, two classes of nations, which, in all your inquiries, you must strictly distinguish from each other ; namely, moving nations and stationary nations. The former would be utterly ruined, were they to counteract their own impetus. I speak here chiefly of industry, and diffusion and application of knowledge. This movement has become with them one of the “ historical tasks ” which they have to perform. They *must* have steam-boats, though a sailing-boat may grace the

landscape a thousand times more: they *must* have rail-roads, though travelling on them be a dull thing. And—"You know," as Professor — in Berlin used to say, when, in the overflow of his ideas, he could not wait to finish his sentence, but hurried to other subjects, which were crowding his fertile and abundant mind. Now, his overflowing of ideas corresponds, in my case, to the scantiness of paper and time, and the fertility of his mind, perhaps, to my paucity.

I happened to find, here in Buffalo, an English paper in which the writer of a pretty able article calls upon the Americans to imitate England, as to the late emancipation of her slaves, and declares that it would be astonishing if the United States were not to free their slaves, as they have now only to follow the brilliant example of their once mother country—a language which, it was easy to foresee, would soon become common. In some English papers, I had previously seen even amalgamation hinted at, and once openly demanded as a necessary measure. Let us calmly and fearlessly look at a few prominent points of this vast subject. You may easily imagine, that it

cannot be my intention to enter here fully into a question of so grave and momentous a character; it would require a treatise, a thorough inquiry, rather than a few considerations thrown out in a letter; yet having occupied myself much with this subject, of absorbing importance throughout history and in our own times, I think, I may place before you a few considerations, which will aid you in forming a more correct opinion upon the matter.

In the abstract, I hold slavery to be,—philosophically, an absurdity, (man cannot become property,)—morally a bane both to the slave and his owner;—historically, a direct violation of the spirit of the times we live in, and with regard to public economy, a great malady to any society at all advanced in industry. I neither allow with Achille Murat, son to the late King of Naples, that slavery is for the present condition of our southern states, a highly desirable state of things, and conducive to the greatest advantage of society, (he does not speak of pecuniary advantages,) nor do I at all agree with Duden, a German author, who, in his Report on a Journey to the Western States of the North American Union, in 1824 to 1827, inclusive—a

work which contains some very valuable information, whenever the author abstains from political and historical disquisitions—supposes himself to have very nicely demonstrated, that a society has a full right to declare on what conditions it will admit other people, and how it will treat them in future, to make them incapable of participating in government, if the original society think fit to dictate in what relation of dependence they are to be placed, who, in short, sees no objection on the ground of justice to slavery, and altogether forgets, that the idea of right between men, cannot, by any possibility, be established, except on the idea of mutual duties and obligations. He has recourse, in order to make out his case, to the relation of a father of a family to his children, as nearly every one does, who wishes to make out of a state of things founded on force, a state founded on reason, always forgetting that hardly two things in the world can be more different than family and state; the one based on instinct, love and forbearance, the other on justice, law, and right; the one to the end of the preservation of the species; which we have partly in common with the animals, the other in no degree whatever. Thrice

unhappy comparison, entailed on us from ages when every thing in politics was poorly defined ; which has served the legitimatist and slave-dealer, the absolutist and the ambitious priest, as a cloak for sordid plans !

I must observe, however, that I hardly ever found a native American who attempted to palliate slavery in principle ; they say, as in fact the matter stands, slavery exists ; what are we to do with it ? In one single instance, only, I have met with an attempt to represent slavery as something quite the thing, on the ground of the relation between servant and master, being comparable to that between child and father, the “ noble Romans,” and the Old Testament, being likewise adduced as evidence, that slavery is not so bad. This *mauvaise plaisanterie*, to call it by the mildest term, was contained in an article of one of our reviews. Heaven preserve us from Roman liberty, and if we are to take the Old Testament as a code of legal relations, we had better create ourselves Jews surrounded by heathens at once, and adopt all their laws and social relations. Moreover, the author did not even know what was signified with the Jews, by slavery, which was an institution,

very different from what he supposes. In order to become acquainted with the spirit of the slaveholders themselves, in our Union, you ought to read the interesting debates on this subject in the late Virginia convention, which had assembled to make some changes in the constitution of that state. They have been collected into one volume, which appears to me to be one of the most interesting works with regard to the history of man, and practical morality.

I will grant even more than you might, perhaps, suppose me willing to do, after my general remarks at the beginning of these reflections. Whether the African race ever will have among them a Shakspeare, a Charlemagne, or Aristotle, I know not; nor is it necessary to know this, in order to settle the question as to their political capacity for participating in all civil rights and duties. There are many respectable coloured persons with us, and I believe none will conscientiously deny that, when fairly educated, they stand on quite as high a level of mental development as the lowest of the whites, who are nevertheless admitted to a full participation in all political privileges; nor that the question under consideration would ever have

been started, did the African race not differ from ourselves in colour. One way of testing the comparative capability of the two classes, is to try coloured and white servants. The mental as well as physical difference between the white and black races, have formed a subject to which I have directed my attention ever since I came to this country; and I will communicate to you a few observations, not as supporting any of my statements—I disclaim entering here fully into the subject—but merely as detached facts, resting in themselves.

State prisons, where a large number of coloured and white people are kept under the close observance of intelligent men, and have to obey the same laws, to perform the same duties, and live upon the same diet, seemed to me to afford a peculiarly favourable opportunity of ascertaining certain facts relating to this subject. There are, of about eight hundred convicts in the penitentiary at Sing Sing, about two hundred individuals of colour. The physician of the prison, from whom I obtained my information, had not found that there was any striking difference between the diseases of the blacks and the whites, nor did they assume any different

character in their course. I have been assured of the same by experienced physicians in large cities. However, as the coloured people resort to quacks, perhaps even more than the whites of the poorer classes, and have sometimes physicians of their own colour, closer examination would be still required to state any thing definite on this point.

It is for ever to be regretted that Doctor Spurzheim died so early. This able anatomist and observer of the configuration of the head, told me that one of the chief subjects of inquiry which he had laid out to himself in coming to this country, was to investigate the physical difference between the two races, and to settle something definite on this point. He intended to proceed to our southern states, and to make as many observations as possible on living and dead subjects. I trust that some able anatomist will take up the subject. It is a field where a fair name is yet to be won, and the consequences of a thorough inquiry into the minutest details of this subject might be of incalculable effect.

As to moral difference between the prisoners of the two colours in the above-mentioned peni-

tentiary, it is a curious fact that in general the coloured people behave themselves better; they are more orderly, follow the laws more willingly, and work more steadily. The superintendent of that state-prison, a gentleman of much intelligence, and who bestowed unwearied attention to my often-repeated and troublesome inquiries both in person and by letter, did not attempt to explain the fact; he merely stated it as such, and as such I give it. Whatever reasons may be given for it, it deserves our attention. At one time, when I was walking with him through the building and we had entered one of the cells, after having given me some information on certain points of its architecture, he looked round and said, "I am sure this cell belongs to a coloured man." "Why so?" said I. "Because every thing looks neater, better arranged." On inquiry, we found that his surmise was correct. I was greatly surprised, and he then told me, that a coloured prisoner will generally keep his cell in more snug order than a white man. Equally interesting is the fact, that more coloured people ask for admission to the Sunday-school of the prison, and for instruction in reading, than white peo-

ple ; speaking merely of the proportion of individuals of both colours, who have no knowledge of reading.

I allow all this, but the question is not an abstract one ; not whether we shall introduce slavery or not, but—slavery existing—what shall be done with it ? Fanaticism, which like Procrustes, stretches or chops the body of the question in hand, according to the measure of its own preconceived ideas, or has no other means to untie a Gordian knot, than by cutting it, cuts this matter also short. Emancipate, is their short prescription of remedies for the disease. And if you ask, what will become of the emancipated—amalgamation is the drug by which they think to perfect the cure. But a statesman, who knows that countless evils are invariably produced by solving from a partial view of the case, a question which has two aspects, e. g. a political and a religious, or a commercial and a political,—by making ourselves voluntarily blind to the other view, will not decide so hastily.

Suppose, for argument's sake, that all the slave owners would be induced to emancipate their slaves to-day ; or that the non-slave-hold-

ing states were willing to pay annually a large sum by way of compensation to the slaveholders, and that gradual emancipation could be thus effected. What would be the consequence? We should have a large increase of free coloured population, which, if we choose, might be politically as free as any class of our citizens. What would be gained? Political equality is of very little value compared to social equality. A race, socially degraded, or let us not call it degraded, one excluded from general society, and consequently from the broad course of civilization, is in a state of real suffering, and will necessarily generate in its bosom all kinds of vices and crimes. History affords us many instances to this effect. It is of no use whatever to be, in the eye of the law, equal to all others, if you are socially disabled, except you hope to attain social disfranchisement by means of the former. The free coloured race, the existence of which the argument supposes is large in number, would then remain an oppressed and degraded race, as long as they were not socially emancipated. Hence would arise, in order to obtain a real state of freedom for the emancipated slave, the

necessity of amalgamation; by which I mean social intercourse as well as intermarriage : the latter would indeed be soon the consequence of the former. Two different races, equally free, and equally elevated in the social scale, hence equally cultivated, and yet distinctly separated, cannot be imagined. Whoever does it, has other views of mankind, and learnt other lessons from history than myself. Whether this be founded upon prejudice or not, is not here the question; the prejudice is at any rate so founded in human nature that it would not depend upon us to change its effects.

Here, then, we have already arrived at the barrier which will make it for ever inexpedient to follow the course in question, of restoring the wronged race of slaves to their natural rights among us, where their number is large. That a Montesquieu, and other writers of his age, ridiculed the idea of making a difference of colour the ground of a substantial difference in *caste*, treating the colour of a human race as they would that of an inanimate object of which it may form an unessential quality, was but natural, since enormous wrongs and cruelties were at that time heaped upon the African

race, and palliated on the score of difference in colour. But the matter presents itself in a different light to one who now lives surrounded by the children of this family. It is easy to say, at the distance of many thousand miles, what is colour! but if you were to act daily and hourly *up* to this assertion, you would find cause to change your opinion, or to judge milder of those with whom the difference of colour forms an insuperable barrier.

Colour is something which strikes that sense which carries the most vivid impressions to the mind; you cannot expect the millions to disregard it; it presents too glaring an appearance; it is so striking an outward sign, that the idea of a well-marked difference between the two races cannot be well eradicated. I can very well imagine that in some cases a white man might lose his sensibility to this difference; in fact, I know a mulatto-man who is clerk with a bookseller, and I went often there and transacted business with him, without thinking of his colour. Generally, however, you cannot expect to find this indifference; especially, as another sense is affected by near intercourse with the coloured population.

Objections of this kind seem very light and perhaps frivolous, to one who only becomes acquainted with the fact by hearsay ; but few things affect us more powerfully than disgust. Why does the Prussian code allow, under certain circumstances, divorce on the ground of “ unconquerable disgust ? ” The dissolution of the most sacred tie is permitted with you, on the ground that it is utterly impossible that people should be happy with each other, if one is continually an object of repulsion to the other, though it be only by way of the senses. A peculiar odour is continually emanating, more especially in a warm climate, from the bodies of negroes, even when cleanly, which renders them personally unpleasant to white people. There are individuals of the white race from whom a strong musky odour is emitted, unpleasant enough, it is true, and sometimes disgustingly repulsive ; but that of a negro is different. It resembles that exuding from the snake and beetle.

Soon after I arrived in this country, I found that this peculiar odour was considered one of the chief causes which would for ever prevent a social equalization of the two races, and I was

anxious to ascertain for myself whether it had a real existence. I have very sensitive olfactory nerves, having received them from nature well organized, and having exercised them by studying botany, on my travels, &c. I have been able, on my pedestrian journeys, to scent a lake or a village at the distance of several miles, if the wind was at all favourable; and yet I could not at first discover any difference between the odour of the negroes and that I have often perceived when many soldiers, after a long march, were assembled in the same room. I was at that time in Boston; the summer was very cool, and no coloured servant was in the house. Since I have gone farther south I must testify to the correctness of the current statement. There are some very few who deny this; so I knew an old lady who actually loved the music of quarrelling or plaintively squalling cats. It was no affectation with her, of that I feel convinced; yet I should not be willing to charge all the rest of mankind with affectation or disregard to truth, because they declare that this kind of music does not affect them with pleasurable sensations. Some nations seem to be more affected by the scent of the African race

than others, and none more so than the English : Spaniards care less for it. Bolivar had some coloured aides, if I am rightly informed ; and in Brazil you may see black priests administer the communion to white people. Yet even there is no social mixture, no true social disfranchisement of the coloured.

In judging of this subject, it ought never to be forgotten that the stability of social intercourse does not depend upon the agreement of a few broad general ideas, but chiefly on an agreement upon the minor affairs of taste, views, opinions, &c. I do not pretend to say that the white race is handsomer than the coloured ; I can very well imagine that a white man appearing among them must seem frightful to them. I can imagine that people, unaccustomed to our faces, perceive in them, when they first become acquainted with our race, all those shades of yellow, blue, and green, which the painter has to mix with his colours to arrive at the true tints. Analyze a bloated face, and you will shudder at all the ugliness it contains. Yet be this as it may, it is clear that our views of beauty must essentially differ ; and races who cannot, in general, please each other, will never cement

This strong barrier will for ever prevent a free social intercourse between the two races. But, suppose it did not, shall a white man wish for a mixture of them?—for, with me, a free social intercourse and intermarriage are one and the same: one must lead to the other. If the love of country has ever had any meaning attached to it, the love of race has a weightier meaning still. I am a white man, and I for one love my race; that race which,—however many misdeeds and crimes it may have forced history to enter on her records, however often it may have suffered avarice to guide its actions and blast the noblest plans, and however much its superior skill and knowledge may have led it to superior and shameful incongruities,—is, nevertheless, the favoured one from which the Europeans have descended; who, with their children, in other parts of the world, have risen to an immense intellectual superiority above all other tribes and nations. I for one do execrate the idea of seeing this noble race degenerate into a yellow mongrel breed, such as exists in Brazil and the Portuguese islands along the coast of Africa. I for one pray that Heaven's best blessings, the extension of

knowledge and civilization, may be showered down on our brethren of a darker skin, but desire with equal anxiety that the white race be continued in its purity,—that race, which becomes master wherever it appears, because it unites in itself many good properties which are but scattered among other races,—intelligence, sociability, activity, desire of private property, and elevation of mind.

Let us suppose, however, for a moment,—and we must be prepared for the most extravagant expectations—that we could suddenly divest ourselves of the unpleasant sensations hinted at, could disregard all considerations of property, politics, &c., and let the two millions of blacks be absorbed by the eleven millions of whites, and that the whole mixture should, within six or seven generations, return to a tolerable white, this colour being originally so much preponderant;—through what state of barbarity should we not have passed, how low would our nation have sunk! Or is it really believed that those tender relations between husband and wife which, within the house, put them on a par, could exist between black and white? Now, if the relation between husband

and wife be changed, the whole state of civilization is changed. It is only befitting the fanatic to spin out the subject any farther; to say that laws would be required to prevent a relapse of colour, to enforce our white females to ally themselves to blacks, &c. That fanatics should be found senseless enough to preach amalgamation as the only means to overcome the great difficulty which slavery presents to us—our chronic disease which, of one kind or other, every state and government have; yet, I hope, not in our case an incurable one—is what we might expect according to history. Whenever great and important questions are agitated, men will always be found who are incapable of placing themselves but on a single point of view, and who neglect or forget every thing else but their one favourite idea; they look but to one single spot, and thus fall into what must be called a mania. I know that the habit of paying too much regard to all the possible bearings of an important projected measure, has not unfrequently stifled the noblest zeal and thwarted the hopes of the best friends of mankind; but I also know, that well-meaning maniacs have done incalculable mischief in politics and religion, in the arts and the sciences.

I believe that every disinterested and clear-minded observer will allow that slavery is against the spirit of the times, and will become more so every day; and history affords thousands and thousands of examples, that whatever is against the spirit of the times must sooner or later fall; and that it is the part of true wisdom to prepare in time for the change. If I judge aright, the most judicious mode of emancipation would be gradually to create a peasantry of coloured people, which should have in itself the means of melioration and final discharge of the relations of peasantry, because without the latter condition, this peasantry would, in course of time, become as much an element alien to our system and contrary to the general course of ideas, as slavery now is. As, on the other hand, the two races will not, and ought not to amalgamate, it would be always inconvenient to have a disproportionately large number of coloured people at one time among us; elimination of the greater part of them ought, therefore, always to be considered as the final object of the measure just mentioned—colonization, either in Africa or in some distant part of our own continent, should be kept stea-

dily in view as the result to be finally effected. If the southern states, or some of them, could agree among themselves on some effective measure of this kind, there is no doubt but that the other states, at least all the northern and eastern ones, would be ready to make a great sacrifice of the public money in order to assist the operation of the plan. But, for many reasons, political, legal, and moral, the measure must proceed from the south ; it could not, otherwise, be possibly carried into effect.

Let, at the same time, our southern brethren do away with a certain system of harshness in one part of their conduct, which justly surprises every friend of mankind. No plea of expediency, of advantage, or of fear, can justify a law which directs a coloured person, who cannot give a ready explanation of his condition as to freedom, to be arrested, and, if nothing can be proved against him, to make him pay the expenses of his arrest, and, if he cannot pay them, to be sold in order to defray them. It is double and triple tyranny. It is even worse than the Brazilian law, which does not provide for a prisoner before trial, nor allow him a trial and proper counsel until he

has the means for paying a lawyer, so that, at Rio, people may always be found chained to the outer wall of the prison, *pedindo justiça*, (begging justice,) as the begging of alms, in order to defray the expenses of support in the prison and to pay a counsellor, is called.

Physical force is nowhere so powerful as moral force; and the condition of a peasantry endowed with certain rights, and with a way before it, which leads, by good behaviour and industry, to final entire emancipation, would afford, it seems to me, tenfold more security than slavery, which in its character and essence, is a state of force, pregnant with countless dangers, and particularly so in a republic like ours, in which the executive has not many means of physical force at its disposal, and in which the severity of laws—the more readily enacted, as the law-makers are the interested persons, and between whom and the slaves stands no independent government—must supplant the means of safety which, in monarchical states, is afforded by a large military establishment. Another very important point would be gained by the above measure, namely, the gradual accustoming of the once slaves to

industry, directed by their own judgment, without which the sudden emancipation of a large number at once, is one of the greatest evils which can befall either the emancipated or the emancipator. Maryland affords an instance of the growing desire in our southern estates to rid themselves of their slave population.

More ardently than myself no one can wish that the measures of the British parliament may meet with full success, and, finally, lead to beneficial results. How so numerous a free coloured population will behave toward a few whites, whose superior intellectual development would be unable to oppose any effectual power to the superior number of the Africans, will always, until the event determines it, form a subject of intense attention to the citizens of our republic.

If the English glory in this measure, it is but natural, but they ought not to forget, that it was not their own slave-owners who emancipated, but people at a great distance, and, in like manner, our northern and eastern states wish to see slavery abolished, and would be willing to contribute whatever is in their power,

by way of money ; and let the English remember, that many of our states had emancipated their slaves long before the English thought of it ; that the people of this country, when dependent upon Britain, made repeated efforts to prevent the importation of slaves, but in vain, (to which Jefferson, also, alludes in a passage of his original draught of the declaration of independence, but which was erased,) and that our republic was the first government that abolished slave-trade, as early as in 1794, while a Roscoe was yet hooted at in 1808, in Liverpool, for having voted against this abominable traffic. And who does not remember the foul arguments which were at that period brought forward to prevent its abolition. Persons at a distance often judge of the question of emancipation quite wrongly, because they think congress might, like a parliament in a capital, decree it and it would be done ; but nothing of the kind is in fact the case. Congress can do nothing originally in the matter ; it is, altogether, a subject which belongs to the forum of the state-legislatures — those true foundations of our liberty, without which it would not have been possible even to preserve her appearance.

I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that by far the greatest majority of our southern people would be glad, could they abolish slavery, but it requires more to effect such a measure with wisdom, than a newspaper article, which calls us, "slave-holding republicans." May we never experience a sudden emancipation in the south. The whites would either become the slaves of the blacks, or at least the suppressed class, or they would have to emigrate, and the south would be lost to our Union, and for a long time even to mankind.

In the same paper, the assertion was made, that the want of wisdom, in our national organization, was proved by the dissolution of the Union, evidently approaching with hasty strides, and chiefly brought on at the very time that this political system was ever put to the test. Suppose I grant all, I grant that the Union is hurrying toward dissolution, that the separation once having taken place, wars, and wars of the worst kind, will soon follow—a dissolution of the elements of society, similar to that in some periods of the feudal ages, yet without chivalry, and that severe contests must be gone through in order to arrive once more at a stable state of

things—even if I grant you all this, I nevertheless maintain, that the Union, and our constitution, were a wise contrivance, and it seems to me, the only one which was capable of producing so rapid a progress, in so many respects, of this young nation, and that if tomorrow the whole should tumble to pieces, it was yet worth the while to have established it.

I am the warmest advocate for forms of government which carry within them the guarantee of stability: continual changes undermine the whole society, to its very views of morality and the pursuit of knowledge. The civic spirit, the firm adherence to right and law, cannot grow and expand. Many states in the middle ages, and France, afford numerous instances; but the duration alone is no test of the goodness of a government; otherwise we ought to send ambassadors to China, as the Romans sent theirs to Greece. A shoe, as such, does not last half as long as when it is trod down and worn as a slipper.

There are some tests which no government can possibly stand, because every government, even the strongest, must have, like Achilles and Siegfried, one vulnerable point, where it may

be wounded to the quick. Wisdom must choose, with regard to durability, that form which bids fair to expose with the least frequency this vulnerable point, according to the given materials and circumstances. Thus the English constitution, which combines a number of the finest points, has, in my opinion, never yet been truly tested. I speak, of course, of the constitution since it has become a true and professed contract between the people and the monarch. The weak point of a constitutional monarchy is, that one person is by inheritance endowed with great privileges, which nevertheless shall be used in the spirit of the constitution and for the benefit of the people only. A variety of contrivances are resorted to in order to effect this result, contrivances which, in my opinion, do as much honour to the human mind as any thing I know of. But, nevertheless, they constitute the vulnerable point of this form of government. The English constitution would be put to a severe test, if a Frederic or a Napoleon should be born upon the throne of the Brunswick family. In such a case, if the crown were not to absorb the constitutional privileges of the people, it would at least stifle their

truly constitutional use and application, or the people would rise and absorb the privileges of the crown. Men like those I have mentioned cannot but be independent and unshackled, or must be conquered and subdued.

You ask, what are our vulnerable points? I think they are two in number, but, in order to let you judge whether I am right or not, it would be necessary to give you a *tableau* of our whole political organization, and an abstract of our history in the bargain.

LETTER VI

A Camp-meeting—Religion of the Methodists founded on the excitement of feeling—Preparations for a Camp-meeting—Christian fanatics—Dogmatism—Indecorum and profanity of the songs used at a Camp-meeting—Moral danger of such meetings—Tents for “Classes”—Rash solicitations—Persons in a “state of blessing”—Peculiar kind of enunciation—Unchristian excitement—Delusion—Travelling preachers—Deplorable effects of Camp-meetings—The subject discussed—A fanatic Mulatto Preacher—Italian Preachers—Sublime Sermon.

TO-DAY I write to you, my dear friend, in no happy mood, for I have seen man, once more, in a situation not calculated to exalt our opinion of him—a camp-meeting. The religion of the Methodists is, in a great degree, founded on the excitement of feeling. The followers of Methodism will grant you this. They do not

admit, indeed, that the peculiar trait of their sect, distinguishing it from all other protestant denominations, is what they would term an excitement of feeling; they would call it an agitation produced by the power of God, or the powerful effect of the divine Spirit, or would characterize it by an expression of this kind. But, however we may differ as to the cause and name, we agree, I believe, as to the subject itself. That which appears to us as a high state of excitement, and which they believe to be the effect and true sign of intense piety, forms that trait of their religion which is peculiar to them, as a sect. Camp-meetings, if I have properly understood the explanations given me by Methodists themselves, are held for the purpose of promoting this powerful effect, with the followers of this creed, and thereby of strengthening religion in their souls, as also, in order to excite in persons, not yet converted, that state of overwhelming contrition, which according to Methodism, must generally precede conversion and regeneration. The object of camp-meetings, then, is powerfully to excite religious feelings, and sorry am I to say, that they are the scenes of unrestrained excitement, which to every

one, but the Methodists themselves, appear but as a wild outbursting of vague, though passionate and powerful feelings ; of great danger, in my opinion, to true moral and religious development. A camp-meeting is to me a most gloomy sight, and gives you the clue to a number of phenomena in history, which otherwise would be nearly inconceivable by a sober mind.

A conveniently situated spot, shaded if possible by trees and near to water, is selected as the place of the meeting, which generally takes place in autumn. A temporary platform, with a shed and a kind of desk for the ministers to preach from to the multitude, is erected. It is generally, or always, in the middle of one line of an oblong, which is formed by the tents, pitched for the accommodation of the people, as well as for their religious exercises in their "classes." It is not my intention to give you a description of the whole proceedings, or of all the scenes which are acted under the eye of the visiter ; it has been done by several writers on the customs and manners of this country with considerable fidelity.

Nothing is easier than to write an attractive account on subjects of this very kind, since the

most striking contrasts are forced upon the mind of the spectator, even were he not generally apt to seize at once upon the characteristic traits of subjects offered to his observation; but you must expect nothing of the kind in the following; though I openly confess, that no religious service, however it might differ from my views of a due reverence to the Deity, not even the Jewish confusion during some of the religious celebrations peculiar to that people, has inspired me with less of that respect which we naturally feel for any mode of adoration adopted by our fellow-creatures, than the scenes I witnessed in the camp-meetings. The service of the Shaking Quakers is strikingly ludicrous; but camp-meetings are startling in the highest degree, filling you at once with contempt of certain designing men, and compassion for their unwary, deluded, and tormented victims. I intend merely to give you a few observations, which, indeed, will not inform you of any thing new, but will be additional facts of psychological interest—contributions to the account of man's aberrations; alas! a long scroll in the hand of History, compared to the slip on which she notices his acts of wisdom.

Should the perusal of this letter, nevertheless, force a smile upon your lips, this effect is not its object. It is with grief I write these lines, not with pleasure; and I have omitted several facts, because they had too much of the merely ridiculous about them.

Let me first give you a few general observations, the truth of which has been impressed upon my mind with additional strength by my seeing camp-meetings.

First: All protestant enthusiasts or fanatics resort to the Old Testament and the book of revelation in preference to the New Testament, for proofs and testimony of their belief and kind of worship, for imagery in preaching and their forms of conception and expression, often even of the principles of their peculiar ethical views. They believe themselves to be the people of Israel. A God "who swears in his wrath" seems to be more congenial to them than a God who "is love," the bountiful father of his children. Roman catholic fanatics, though their zeal may carry them to monstrosities of belief and action, nevertheless move more within the general outlines of the tenets of their church,

or, at least, within what is believed to be true by great catholic masses.

Second : Christian fanatics universally occupy themselves more, nay nearly exclusively, with the fear of hell and the state of the damned, not with the hope of a reunion with God ; with the anxiety to escape eternal punishment, not the zeal to win the love of God, and to love him with the increasing pleasure which a pure soul finds in loving the only perfect being. If the comparison be not offensive to you, I would say, they are like bad soldiers driven into battle by cannons placed behind them, not led by the love of country, and a genuine feeling of honour.

Third : All religious enthusiasts preach dogmatics and polemics, not practical virtue or the long-suffering of a purified soul ; or if they do preach the latter, it is not in order to instil into the souls of the hearers that gentle charity and elevated kindness, which is one of the choicest flowers of all religion, all virtue, and all cultivation of the mind, but rather to strengthen them against the gibes and sneers or attacks of the world. All the sermons I heard in the camp-meeting which gave rise to this letter, and

in another I visited some years ago, were exclusively dogmatic or polemic, and one preacher actually mentioned every Christian sect from the catholics to the quakers, with unkind and uncharitable remarks, excluding them all from the bliss which the true methodist is to expect in after life.

I have often enough heard similar strains of preaching in Roman catholic countries. Once a landlord of mine, when I was a soldier, took great pains in his way, to save my soul, and assured me, when I asked him whether he really believed, that a good and virtuous protestant could not possibly enter into heaven, that perhaps he might by way of exception, but undoubtedly only to wait upon the catholics. I expressed my hope that I should be made his servant, and that he would prove an indulgent master. On the other hand, the minister who preached the above-mentioned sermon, said that if any but methodists would be admitted to the purest bliss, he was sure his grandmother would be one of them; she was a most pious baptist. The ignorant will always mingle their personal affairs with whatever subject they may be treating of. So much for uncharitableness, the vul-

garest banner that can be unfurled for enlistment in any cause.

Fourth: Also, the less informed a preacher is, the more dogmatic and polemic he invariably is in his sermons.

Fifth: All Christian fanatics give to the word *love*, though used in a religious sense, a certain amorous meaning, applied in a spiritual sense. You can trace this index of enthusiasm through all ages of the Christian church; from the times of some most glowing early hymns, to those of the latest methodist songs.

Sixth: All enthusiasts dislike exceedingly to reason, as is natural, and always will end by saying, All you say is perfectly right according to the world's reasoning and from your point of view; but the true light has not dawned upon you; you cannot understand us; we know we are right, because God is within us; we know it, and if ever the light appears within you, you will say with us, "We know it, it is certain."

Seventh: Love of notoriety, be it even but in a very limited circle, is one of the main springs of action, with most fanatics.

Eighth: Fanatics are never satisfied with a calm and placid adoration of the Deity, but evi-

dently seek for excitement, and obvious proofs of it ; so much so, that frequently the preachers appear dissatisfied when they are unable to bring their hearers to the desired pitch, and they judge of the excellence of a sermon or prayer by the degree of excitement it has produced ; though every observer knows well, that nothing, in fact, is easier than to move a congregation to tears, or to produce any similar signs of emotion. The account of a few touching scenes, eloquently described, is sufficient ; but conviction, which takes root in the mind, and which lasts, is a more difficult task. I found in a work on pastoral theology the advice given to young ministers, carefully to avoid excitement, because, said the writer, (an experienced and pious minister and professor of theology,) nothing is more enticing if once begun, and nothing creates so craving an appetite for more excitement, and disposes the hearer less for true conviction, and that calm state of mind, without which no fulfilment of our most sacred duties is possible.

Ninth : Nothing is more frequent, than that fanatic preachers entertain their hearers with accounts of their own former state of infidelity, and in a boasting manner badly covered over by

words of self-accusation. Sometimes this is done in order to show that they too, in their time, were smart people, sometimes to show their great humility by thus exposing their sins and errors, and it is always, partly, owing to the circumstance that ignorant as well as fanatic people delight in treating of themselves, to which I have already alluded. This remark holds not only in religion.

Finally, fanatics of all times, in all countries, and of all religions, have considered religious hysterics as a sign of the peculiar favour of the Deity toward the afflicted individual; and have dwelt upon them as a striking proof of the strong effect which the spirit of the Deity exercises upon those who have received its influence. Heathens, Mahometans, Jews and Christians, in antiquity, in the middle ages, and in our own times, have done and are doing the same.

The camp-meeting of which I speak was held in West Chester, not far from the borough of the same name, about three-and-twenty miles from Philadelphia. I went with a friend of mine; when we approached the "camp," we heard a loud shouting, peculiar to the methodists, when in a state of religious excitement,

intermingled with tunes equally peculiar to their worship. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact that the methodists adopt any popular tune, however gay, and for whatever worldly text it may have been originally composed, or be still universally used, and either substitute other words, or adapt those belonging to the tune to their religious phraseology by changing a few expressions, which, as may be easily conceived, produces songs sometimes appearing to the adherents of other sects in a dress very different from what they consider an appropriate religious style, and one sometimes even positively improper and indecorous. Amorous and sailors' songs, &c. are not rejected, but merely altered in certain parts, which might not give rise to the purest associations with the uninitiated. I send you, as a proof of what I say, a copy of the *Zion Songster*, New York, 1830. There are some of their tunes, in which the existence of a lyric glow, the rapid expression of intense feeling, or the vivacity of an enraptured soul, cannot be denied, however they may differ from the tunes of hymns which alone are considered by other sects to be fitted to this species of poetry. But they are sung in a manner so little consist-

ent with the most modest demands of music, that they never produced any becoming effect upon me.

So gay are some of their tunes, that I have several times believed myself to be approaching a scene of merriment, until I happened to hear *hallelujah* or *hosanna*. But a few days ago I was under the same impression, when I met a stage-coach full of methodists. You must know, that when assembled in any number, they are much inclined to sing their hymns, wherever they may be. I travelled last winter from Washington to Baltimore with six travelling ministers, returning from a meeting of theirs with two ladies of their sect, and at various periods one or the other began to hum one of their tunes, in which several of the rest, or all of them, shortly joined. In the adaptation of worldly songs and tunes, the methodists are not unlike the early Christians, with this exception, that the latter, as far as I know, employed only odes to the pagan gods, or other poems of a higher cast,—substituting a Christian meaning; in like manner as the statues of the dethroned gods, or of consuls and senators, were not unfrequently used to represent the

evangelists or other saints. The opposite to the methodistical substitution of a religious sense to worldly songs, is the adaptation, in the middle ages, of psalms or religious poems, to gay wine songs, frequently sung in this way, in the convents and by students. Such, for instance, was the origin of the famous *Gaudeamus igitur*.

My companion, whom I mentioned above, is a German physician, who passed with credit through the whole Prussian medical "state examination" at Berlin, which will be sufficient to convince you, who are acquainted with the organization of the medical school of Prussia, that he is a thorough-bred physician.* I mention

* The various examinations, established by the Prussian government, to assure itself of the fitness of candidates either for offices under government, or the license of practising, are in all branches—in medicine, theology, law, education, pharmacy, mining, the department of forests, the army, the administration, &c., so infinitely more rigid, than similar examinations in any other countries, that it may not be uninteresting to some of our readers, to give them a hasty sketch of the "state-examination" mentioned in the above text. No student of medicine is admitted to the university, any more than the student of any other branch, without having proved by examination, that he has received a thorough classical education. The time he is obliged to devote to his university studies, is a period of four years, the two latter of which are chiefly spent

this because it will be found to be a fact of some importance in the sequel of this letter.

We went first to the "camp" at about eight o'clock in the evening, when the meeting had already lasted five long days and nights. The field was not crowded with booths, offering refreshments or entertainments of any kind, as I have seen on particular days, near places of pil-

in the medical, surgical, and obstetric *clinica*. In the one half year the student is but a "hearer" in the different *clinica*, in the next he practises himself under the direction and constant examination and instruction of the directing professor. Hospitals are likewise regularly visited. That the reader may obtain an idea of the great variety of lectures and thorough treatment of every single branch, we would refer him to the article *University* in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, in which the catalogue of lectures, delivered in one half year in the university of Berlin has been given. It is the catalogue for the winter term from 1829—1830, in which we find ninety different courses of lectures enumerated, some of which are of course on the same subject, but by different professors. When the student has finished his university studies he is allowed to take the degree of doctor, for which he is orally examined in all branches, is compelled to write a Latin dissertation, and publicly to dispute in Latin on certain theses, selected by himself, with any person, professor or student, who chooses to enter the arena. The degree of doctor is merely an honorary degree of the university, bestowed as an acknowledgment of sufficient theoretical attainments. In order to obtain the *licentia practicandi* it is necessary for every Prussian to repair to Berlin. Here, after having proved that he is doctor, he is

grimage in catholic countries, causing scenes of great dissipation, on account of which the governments of France and Germany, that of Austria perhaps alone excepted, have entirely abolished them. Nor do I really believe that these camp-meetings occasion as much mischief of a certain kind among the methodists themselves, as the pilgrimages just mentioned; for

practically examined. Among other tests of fitness, he is led to the bedside of a patient in the *Charité*, the chief hospital in Berlin, and after having thoroughly examined the case, is locked up in a room without books, where he has to write down his diagnosis, the plan of treatment, with all the reasons for his adopting it, and the various ways of treating the disease in all the different shapes it may assume. After this he draws by lot, out of an urn containing slips of paper on which the different important surgical operations are written, and the one which falls to his chance he must forthwith explain, with the history of the various ways of performing it, after which he must perform it himself on a subject. He then receives a number of acute and chronic cases, which he must attend for the space of three months. In obstetrics he is not admitted to the examination, if he has not previously delivered himself at least twelve cases in the obstetric clinicum. After this he is orally examined in all branches of medicine, and the related sciences, such as botany, chemistry, &c. If he passes through all these ordeals to the satisfaction of the examiners, he obtains the license of practising. There are not more than about one hundred individuals a year in the whole kingdom, (containing thirteen millions of inhabitants) who obtain this license.—EDITOR.

instance, the annual one to Einsiedel in the canton of Schwytz, creates among those who attend them. But this evil is certainly not entirely obviated, as may be supposed, *à priori*; for there is nothing on earth more dangerous in this respect than a concourse of many people of both sexes, in a state of high religious excitement, for the very reason that they are excited and brought nearer together under the delusive forms of brotherly and sisterly love and religious purity. If you throw a glance at history, you will find, that all meetings of religiously excited people end with mischief of this kind. Nor is this by any means peculiar to Christian sects; it is the same with Mahometans, of the meeting of whom on Mount Ararat for instance, Burckhardt gives a frightful picture, and you are well acquainted with the licentious disorder among the Hindoos, when thus assembled. When in the course of the evening one of the ministers made from the pulpit the necessary arrangements for the watches, &c., he did not omit to recommend to the sentinels, not to allow "men and ladies" to walk about together.

We entered one of the tents where a "class" was assembled. These tents, destined for class

meetings, are divided lengthwise by a bench about a foot high, and called the mourners' bench. On one side are the men, on the other the women; they lie or sit in disorder on the straw, which is strewn on the ground, and was by this time broken into small particles, causing in those places where the people moved much about, dense dust, extremely offensive to the lungs. This dust, together with the hot atmosphere, poisoned by the breath of so many people crowded into a narrow space, and the smoke of lamps, rendered the interior of the tents very obnoxious to a spectator coming from the fresh and pure air without, and not in such a state of excitement as to be insensible to its injurious effects upon the human organs. Along both sides of the mourners' bench kneel "the sinners in a repenting state" who wish to join the faithful; or, overpowered by their feelings or by exhaustion, they lie on the ground, or in the arms of others, quiet, half faint, exclaiming, groaning, or weeping, while, from time to time, the minister, or any other "brother," speaks into their ears of impending everlasting damnation, or the bright hope of salvation; and I saw, repeatedly, men taking the hands of women be-

tween their hands, and patting and striking them, exhorting them, meanwhile, to trust in God, or, if they stood at the entrance of the tent as mere spectators, to join those in the interior, and to repent. In these cases, as well as at several times when the ministers or other "brethren" addressed the uninitiated, a language was used, the familiarity of which struck our ears as very strange. "Now come," they would say, "why won't you try?—come, my dear brother or sister; God calls upon you—don't you see how powerful his spirit is?—just try it, you will see how sweet it is—won't you? Come in, the mourners' bench is open for you, come in, it may soon be too late;" and other expressions of this kind.

One actually indecorous scene we saw, which I have no doubt would be considered so by most methodists themselves, were their attention directed to it. A man stood near the entry of a tent as spectator, and a woman, a friend, perhaps a cousin of his, because she called him James, was very anxious that he should join their service. She tried her best, though, of course, she did not use any kind of argument; but during the whole time she stroked his hand

or fingers, taking one after the other between her hands. She succeeded at length in persuading the man to enter the tent, which he did with the words, "I don't care, but you won't catch me." We saw another man ushered into the tent, in a way which really reminded one of a similar kind of seizing on men, adopted by persons of which the methodists would not like to remind the spectator. He half walked, and was half pushed in by one of the ministers, handed over to the minister of the respective tent, and pushed down to the mourners' bench, where he lay for some time, his face resting on the bench, but he soon turned it upward, with convulsive distortions of his eyes and the muscles of his face. As many of the methodists' songs appear undignified, so is their language in speaking of religious subjects not unfrequently offensively quaint and familiar to unaccustomed ears. One person we heard say, directly after a most passionate prayer, "I think it is now time to close the concern."

In the tent which we visited first there were several persons in a state of blessing, as the methodists call it; I shall say presently more about it. One woman exclaimed, several times,

“Five or six sins I have committed, which, I fear, never can be forgiven;” weeping, at the same time, bitterly. Others prayed aloud, or called amen, whenever a passage in the prayer of the loudest seemed to strike them as particularly true; some slept in the corner, others, again, were quiet, but, from time to time, they would ejaculate expressions of sorrow or delight; and the laugh, not the smile, but the loud laugh with which these people greet the assurances of the bliss and happiness of the saved, or the glory in which Christ will appear to his faithful followers, or their familiar exclamations, such as, “God bless my soul,” and the like, are as strange to others as many of their expressions of grief and religious fear. The constant and invariable theme of their exhortations was, as long as we were witnesses of these proceedings, “It is yet time to repent, come then, and do so; death may suddenly cut you off, when your eternal doom will be pronounced upon you:” and it seems to be a decidedly settled opinion with the methodists, that, whenever and however you may happen to die, the state in which you are at the time of death is the sole testimony for the great Judge by which to pronounce

his irrevocable sentence for eternity. Not one single time, (I state this while I am fully aware of the import of my words,) have I heard a rational advice calculated to lead to the fulfilment of our duties, to a true elevation of the soul, or to teach forbearance to others; and I can assure you, that the constant repetition of the words “everlasting flames and eternal damnation,” would alone be sickening to the hearer, leaving their meaning entirely out of consideration.

I found here, again, what I have often had occasion to observe, that each sect, and especially those which appeal in a great degree to feeling, has its peculiar kind of delivery and enunciation. The methodists, generally, add an *e* at the end of words, after which they make a short pause, and thus say, *Godde, cominge, salvationne*, which peculiarity in fact appears to be a result of their excitement, which cannot as readily find words as their minds, wrought up to passion, would require. It is somewhat similar to the dwelling on words, like *is, have, &c.*, so common in the British parliament, and made use of, in order to gain time for the arrangement of the next sentence. The methodist pronunciation of “Oh, Lord!” is quite

peculiar to them, from Maine to Mississippi, in America and England; while the unpleasant, nasal pronunciation is very common with them, but not exclusively their own. A nasal and tremulous twang belongs generally to all protestant sects, who consider themselves the persecuted people of Israel. It originates, in my opinion, from a sickly feeling of over-humility, which expresses itself in these tones of a *lachrymous* character. The fact cannot be denied, and as it is so general, there must be a general cause for it. Trust no sect or man, with a nasal long-drawn twang.

After having listened to their singing, exhorting, praying and violent preaching, we entered one of the tents, which distinguished itself by a greater noise, and wilder devotional exercise, at nearly two o'clock in the morning. The air was pestilential; the dust from pulverized straw and particles of dried earth very thick; the general appearance of the whole was similar to that of a room in an insane hospital, but even more frightful; the same motions of the limbs, expressions of faces, and fearful noise. Some were seen rubbing their hands, apparently in great agony, others clapping them together,

others stretching them out toward heaven, and distorting their eyes, some stamping with the feet, some rubbing their knees, some moving the upper part of the body forward and backward, others screaming, and weeping, surrounded by a number of friends, who prevented the small current of air, which yet existed, from reaching them, and sung and spoke into their ears; some leaping up and down, with staring eyes, their hair dishevelled, others, lying on the ground, distended as if in a swoon, some sitting in a state of perfect exhaustion and inanity, with pale cheeks and vacant eyes, which bore traces of many tears. One before all, was lying on his knees, apparently in a state of great agony, and uttering the expressions of a desponding soul, addressed to a wrathful God.—An Esquirol would have found here more interesting subjects, than a theologian.

We approached two of the girls, extended on the ground “in a state of blessing,” in order to find out their precise condition, determined to retire immediately, should we be considered as intruders. But I had not miscalculated; fanatics are invariably pleased with attention being shown to their proceedings. We

touched the pulses of the girls and found them rather slow, but not more so than can be easily explained from previous great exhaustion, and the quiet breathing, lying as they had been, for a long time on the ground. One had her hands cramped together and her eyes open ; the other, the hands extended : the skin of both had a perfectly natural heat. We attracted, of course, immediate attention, and from some girls near us, a sneer of religious conceit at the benighted profanity, which endeavoured to become acquainted with this state of blessedness, by the common method of worldly science. Two girls, I observed, found it amusing, and had a real girlish giggling at it. I addressed one of the first females and said, " My dear young woman, you do not seem to have yet learned one very important lesson from your religion, and that is to be charitable toward those whom you consider ignorant." This was attacking her on her own ground, and she was not unconscious of it ; a modest silence showed that she confessed herself guilty.

Another girl, a bright and friendly little person, came up to us, as well as many men, and a long conversation ensued, of which I will

give you the substance as accurately as I can remember, and which strikingly illustrates one of the most amiable traits of American character,—namely, the allowing every one to have and state fully his own opinion,—displayed even here, in this scene of violent excitement. I spoke with unreserved freedom, without at all provoking their indignation; on the contrary, they listened calmly to what I had to say. They, on the other hand, no doubt saw that we were in good earnest, and made no joke of it, that we thought them greatly wrong, and were displeased with the whole exhibition of religious passion, but that we took the whole matter to heart. One surly fellow, indeed, left the little crowd around us, and said when passing me, though not directed to me, “What do you talk to them fellows, and if God should show them signs all day long, they would not believe.”

An elderly man came up to me, one of the very few more aged persons present, and asked me, what we thought of the girls, meaning those extended on the ground. I said, that we thought that many of them were actually endeavouring to deceive the others: an assertion in which we

were justified ; because one of the females who lay with open and staring eyes, had winked when we passed our hand at some distance from her face, and the other, who had her eyes closed, rolled them instantly up, when we opened the eye-lids,—an evident proof, that the light had its full effect upon them ; nor were her pupils, either unnaturally dilated or contracted, but appeared in their natural extension. Indeed, any physician will tell you whether it be possible, that an individual can lie for two or three hours together in a state of real exhaustion and unconsciousness, deprived of all the power of volition, without labouring under a serious affection of the nervous system and experiencing the evil consequences of such a fit for several weeks. Yet these individuals appear a few hours after, in a comparatively sound state of health. That these simulations cannot but finally bring on disturbances of the various functions of the body, is evident.* “ And,” continued I, “ if it were not improper to sprinkle

* A case is on record, in which a man had the power voluntarily to suppress the pulsation of the heart for some minutes. At length he died during one of his exhibitions. Hysterical attacks, if freely indulged in, and not checked in time, pass over into real spasmodic fits and nervous affections.—EDITOR.

their faces with cold water, you would see how quickly they would leave their present state."

"Oh, my dear, you might throw a whole bucket of water over them, they would not awake a moment sooner than the Lord had intended."

"We cannot make the proof," I said. "But, what is your idea of this peculiar state, in which you believe these individuals to be?"

"It is a state of happiness; the Lord makes them happy, and shows his power," was his answer.

"Do you mean to say, that the soul leaves the body, and is united for a time to God?"

"Oh no, that would be entrancement; they are only blessed."

"So you call it blessing? Why do you give it this name?"

"Because they feel blessed, when they are in this state: they say when awakening, that they feel happier than they ever do otherwise. And, it is to show the power of the Lord." I expressed my great astonishment, at calling the fit of a girl a peculiar proof of the power of God: "He," said I, "who can fix that light in the heavens," pointing at a glorious moon, "I think should not

be doubted by any one, to have the power of depriving any living being of consciousness." No answer was given, and the old man asked me, "How would you call this state?"

"We would term it a kind of hysteric fits, half voluntary and conscious, half brought on by the exhausting fatigue, and noxious air—fits, which might be, probably, in every single case prevented by severe reprimand, or threats. How does it happen that they are chiefly women, and young women, who fall into this condition?"

"I cannot say, but men do also, and sometimes very strong ones."

"They may, nevertheless, have weak nerves, or deceive you, and, which is not unlikely, deceive themselves; for fits are often half true, half not, and very often they end with a real kind of fit, though they were brought on voluntarily." In fact, the girl whom I designated above as a bright little woman, told us the next morning, when the conversation had turned upon the same subject, and in order to prove that there was no simulation in these cases, that she knew a woman who once continued three days in this state of blessedness, with short interruptions, and that her friends became so

alarmed, that a physician was called, who restored her to health after six weeks of serious suffering. To us this was just a case in point. Alarming diseases must be, in many cases, the consequences of these fits.

“But,” said I, “how does it make them happy? I cannot understand this.”

“You are right, you cannot, but the Lord is within us.”

“And,” added my companion, “you will find that all the girls who are often gifted with these blessings, will come to their end by diseases of the heart or epileptic fits.”

“No fear of that; there are some who have had very often these blessings, and are yet healthy.”

“There may be exceptions, but depend upon it, either these diseases or insanity must be the consequence.”

A little girl, pale, with a nervous look and peculiar stare, stood near. “This girl,” I said, pointing at her, “is subject to these blessings, is she not?”

“Yes,” said the smart girl, “she has them often; and,” asked she, smilingly, “am I subject?”

“ Assuredly not,” I said.

“ You are right,” she answered.

“ But,” said one of the crowd, “ if the Lord’s Spirit is not the cause of these blessings, how does it happen that they never hurt themselves if they fall? I have seen a man who fell with his head right against the corner of an iron stove, and it did not hurt him in the least.”

“ Well,” said my companion, “ that is only a proof that they always know very well what they are about, and, besides, it is bare superstition to believe what you do. You have serious objections against the baptists, as I have seen from one of the sermons of your ministers, and yet the baptists say that it is a proof of the Lord’s Spirit being with them, that no person baptized by them, even were it in dead winter, in an open river, catches as much as a cold.”

“ Oh, the baptists; that is very different,” was the answer; yet an American will always relish something smart, and as such, the reply to their observation respecting the safety from injury of the person in “ a state of blessing,” appeared to them. Americans have, likewise, a fear of being considered superstitious; so they urged nothing farther against us on this score.

I, for my part, could not help thinking of what I found in a translation of a Chinese work on medicine, by Abel Remusat. The Chinese naturalist ridicules, in the passage of which I am reminded, the credulous people who believe that the cherry-bird is transformed into a mole, and that rice, strewed into a river, at a proper season, changes into fishes. "These," he says, "are ludicrous tales, calculated for children only. There is but one transformation well authenticated; namely, that of the rat into the quail; that is told in all good books, and I have myself often observed it, because transformations have their regular course. But as to the absurdity of cherry-birds changing into moles, and rice into fish, no person in his sound senses can believe it; it is too foolish."

Our discussion extended yet to other subjects, and I said, in the course of it, that, they having granted me that camp-meetings are held in order to get up excitement, I must declare them essentially unchristian; that Christ nowhere excited the people, nor did he recommend it, nor establish camp-meetings. "Did he not preach in the open air?" asked one.—"Yes, because he had no other place, nor do I now

speaking against preaching in the open air, but against this revelling in religious excitement night after night, and day after day." "And did not David leap before the ark?" said another. —"It means, in the original, dancing, and that was considered then as not indecorous, but it does not mean leaping, with frantic movements, as you do here." [You remember that the shakers use the same argument for their jumping about during service.] "Besides," said I, "are you really not aware of the great indecency of girls lying here, stretched on the ground in the sight of numerous people, men and women stepping over them; nor of the injurious consequences with which the inhaling of this shocking dust, so near the ground, for hours together, must be pregnant?" No answer was given, but the elderly man advised some girls to carry one of them into their sleeping or boarding tent; and when she was lifted up, I observed how she stiffened her body and suddenly cramped her hands together. I have the strongest suspicion that this case was one of decided deception. Only remember how often the love of notoriety induces females to practise all kinds of deceits: sometimes they fall into religious fits, sometimes

they read with their fingers, sometimes they fall into convulsions every third day, at the precise minute, &c.

We parted good friends, and continued our conversation the next morning. I was glad none of their ministers were present, because they would have allowed me little chance to bring in what I had to say. The volubility of their tongues is really immense, owing to their constantly speaking in real or assumed passion, to their speaking so often, and having, of course, accustomed their minds to a certain train of ideas and their tongue to certain words and phrases.

I freely confess that I look very differently upon the travelling preachers from what I do upon their people. The latter are deluded, and pay with grief and mental torments for their delusion. But the travelling preachers, whether they are deluded or not, set up as preachers, and yet are so grossly ignorant of the most common knowledge requisite for a right understanding of certain passages of the Bible, they preach with such unanswerable boldness from some passages totally misunderstood by them, because they have not the requisite knowledge of biblical antiquity,—they work so intention-

ally upon the deluded mind of their hearers, in order to bring them to a desired state of excitement, they are so uncharitable in their exhortations, and in all their conceptions so crude, that they produce a feeling of abhorrence.

When we went away, after our first conversation, a gentleman addressed me, saying, "Believe me, you made several doubtful in their minds; these people are utterly ignorant in matters of religion, and give themselves up to this kind of sectarianism, because they know no better:" and indeed I was surprised to hear several times from these persons who were so positive in their assurances of damnation, &c. "I cannot answer you, because I have not read the Bible so much as you have."

Consider now the deplorable effect which a camp-meeting must produce upon health, domestic happiness, industry and national wealth. Here are girls and young men who the Sunday before, had been probably three times to church; on Monday the camp-meeting began. They remained in this state of excitement, fatigue, and exhausting way of living for a whole week: on Sunday, the minister announced there would be again three times service, and that the Lord's

supper would be administered. For what can these people be fit after this long indulgence in fanaticism? Certainly not for any kind of the common, and, therefore, most important duties, upon which our whole happiness so much depends. How entirely must they become unfitted by these gross excitements for what must be the end of all religion, the true refinement of the soul, the elevation of charity, the peace of mind, and the development of our best powers!

Could those who are their leaders, but be induced to read Brigham on the Influence of Mental Excitement upon Health,* they might learn there, among a number of other useful facts, that insanity in the state of Connecticut is twice as frequent as in Europe, and there is

* Remarks on the Influence of Mental Cultivation and Mental Excitement upon Health, by A. Brigham, M. D. 2nd edit. Boston, 1823; a small work, which we would take this opportunity of recommending most earnestly to all American mothers and ministers.—Dr. Brigham enumerates, among others, the many religious papers, periodicals, occasional publications, &c. read in a single place, as Hartford. The reader may, in addition, refer to the American Almanac for 1835, page 279 and seq., where he will find a list of the extraordinary number of religious papers published here, not a small part of most of which is occupied with mere controversy.—EDITOR.

no reason to suppose that it should not be nearly or equally as frequent in many other states. Yet we ought to have less insanity than Europe, because all our relations in life are much more simple. Religious excitement and too early instruction, (not education,) whether they originate from a mistaken notion of parental duty, or from vicious parental vanity, are at present like two scourges of our country. They will probably wear out, like other excitements, but not before having destroyed thousands of victims. Strange, that religion, which has been given to man to calm and comfort him, to give him peace and happiness, is made a tool of, to ruin our health and destroy in the surest way our well-being. The Greek impairs his constitution by a rigid fasting of forty days, allowing himself nothing but bread and olives; the Jew abstains for many hours from any nourishment, solid or liquid; the methodist undermines his whole system by mental and physical means—Juggernaut travels with his crushing wheels over the world, and the infatuated cry, Behold how powerful he is!

I am not against fasting on general grounds. On the contrary, I believe it to be very salu-

tary, and especially necessary in our mode of social life, that some time should be dedicated to reflection and abstaining from enjoyments, those of the palate of course included. We are but too apt to allow ourselves to go on without much reflection, and it is therefore very useful to fix a certain time for directing our ideas more especially to serious subjects, because without such a fixed period, they will be forgotten by most. But as soon as this fasting itself is considered as a good work, or made use of only to change the dishes, it becomes an abuse. Never omit, my friend, to go in your healthy days, from time to time, through the long rooms of an hospital, otherwise you forget that there are many of your fellow-men in bitter agony ; nor omit to see man happy, when you are afflicted, or you will forget that happiness is yet on earth. Shun not the sight of misery ; turn not from the view of happiness.—But I am preaching !

Add to this the many thousand other excitements which man is getting up every day, as so many new idols to be adored, in politics—in regard to which many papers and people might adopt as their motto, what Mr. Gutzlaff found as a sign on a house on the Pei-ho : Idols and

Budhas of all descriptions newly made and repaired—in regard to rank, in—but my letter would never end in this style.

I am surprised that in the vast number of methodists, among whom are many respectable people, not one has as yet dared to raise his voice against camp-meetings, and yet there must be many sober-minded members of this sect, who heartily disapprove of them.

When we left the “camp,” after three o’clock, we saw the bright moon and a starlight sky. What a contrast between the calm majesty of the heavens and the scenes of man’s fanaticism, which we had just left. How much wiser would the actors in them have behaved, had they made a few contemplations on that great subject !

At nine o’clock on Saturday morning, a procession was formed, when each member shook hands with each minister. We had then a sight of every individual, and I was horror-struck at the dire expression of many countenances among those who came up. Some continued their distortions and frightful movements even in this procession, some looked down, many girls cried, and looked shockingly worn out. Beware, beware ye who promote this fana-

ticism, what you are enacting—literally the most revolting physical and mental mischief, to the advancement of ignorance and the depriving your fellow-beings of the choicest blessings—peace of spirit, and an enlightened mind.

There are many reasons, physical, moral and political, by which we must explain the great religious excitement now prevailing in the United States, and extending to more than the methodist sect ; but my letter would assume too much the character of an essay, were I even briefly to touch upon these causes, and, perhaps, it has had too much of that appearance already. But one cause I must be permitted to mention, since it is not so easily detected as the others, and yet is, in my opinion, very powerful in its effect.

The American is an independent being ; his government is founded upon an appeal to the reason of every individual, and as there is nothing in human life—no principle of action, no disposition or custom which forms an isolated part of his being, but must necessarily send its ramifications in every direction through his whole character, so also this spirit of indepen-

dence, although productive of much good in many respects, induces the American sometimes to act for himself, in circumstances where he cannot have sufficient knowledge or experience to guide him. And this is perhaps in few cases more apparent than in those in which medical knowledge is required to act with safety. Every American is a quack, and remedies, which on the European continent are considered by the people with a kind of awe, are administered in American families with a boldness which surprises every foreigner. A mother will give to her child calomel or laudanum, as if they were the most innocent remedies that could be employed. If an American is sick, he first quacks for a long time for himself, or, which in most cases is not much better, allows an apothecary to quack him. Generally, therefore, serious and already neglected cases come under the eye of the physician, and to this cause, perhaps, is partly owing the bold character of American medical practice in general. In no other countries, I believe, are the great mass of the people so ready to use quack medicines, as in England and the United States. In France, there seems to me to be less of this

abuse ; but nowhere so little as in Germany. I speak now of common quack medicines, panaceas, catholicons, &c., not of quackeries *en gros*, such as Hahnemann's homeopathics.

Calomel and laudanum, the two trunnions of the gun from which American country medicine shoots in grapeshot, (often supported and seconded by the lancet,) are also used unsparingly in families without special advice of the physician. I have been startled at finding with what temerity the latter, especially, is administered by parents to children, both in cities and in a still greater degree in the country. To such an extent is this abuse carried, that laudanum is called simply *drops*. If a child is a little restless and disturbs those around it, laudanum is immediately given. I know a farmer's family in which every child receives regularly some "drops" before going to bed. That there are many children killed by laudanum, paragoric and other preparations, I have not the slightest doubt. I need not say how injurious this practice must eventually be to the whole nervous system, which it reduces to a state of morbid irritability, calculated to lead to those religious excesses in it the consideraon

of which we have been engaged, and which in turn promote to a greater degree the excitement of the nervous temperament ; while on the other hand this unwarrantable use of opium creates, at a later period, that immense craving for strong liquors, which with many ends in habitual drunkenness, but with an incalculably greater number in habitual drinking, not characterized by any excesses, but manifesting its melancholy consequences by fatal diseases, whose true cause remains perhaps unknown to the sufferer himself. Temperance societies ought to turn their attention to this calamitous malpractice and systematic preparation of children for a future abuse of strong liquors.

Though, probably, not so fatal in regard to physical consequences, as the exposure and fatigue in camp-meetings must be, but equally objectionable in itself, was the excitement which I witnessed in the cathedral of St. Januarius, in Naples. In a small tabernacle on the grand altar of this church are preserved the head of the patron saint of the city, and two vials containing his blood. The latter is in a solid state, except when placed before the head, when it miraculously liquefies. The ceremony

of this miracle is repeated three times a year. It is considered as a sign of peculiar grace, foreboding great blessings to the city, if the blood becomes liquid immediately when placed before the other relic; on the other hand, the anxiety and terror shown, especially by the women, when the blood refuses for a long time to liquefy, are surprising. The vials stand on the altar, and a priest is near to try from time to time, by moving them, whether the adored substance has become liquid or not; while a large number of believers kneel before it, praying and imploring the saint to grant the miracle, growing more and more urgent in their supplication every moment that the liquefaction is protracted. When I was in that paradisiacal country, the blood of the saint had remained solid much beyond its usual time—if I remember right, a day and a half; I went with a friend of mine to see the ceremony. The alarming news had already spread over the city, and a large concourse of people had assembled. Two women attracted our particular attention. They knelt with their arms stretched out toward heaven, betraying by their wide and staring eyes a most intense anxiety, the fervour of maniacs. They uttered imploring words,

which had far more the character of imprecations than prayers.* In fact, they boldly reproached the saint for his refusal of the necessary miracle. And every time the officiating priest lifted the vial, and showed that the sacred contents were yet in a solid state, the excitement and feverish vehemence rose still higher. At length it became liquid, and the rush to the altar was so sudden and universal, that in a moment we found ourselves before it, where the vial was presented to us to be kissed, after which the priest touched our foreheads with the sacred vessel. The whole scene had a very strong tincture of that clamour and religious passion, of which we read as having accompanied some sacred rites of the ancients.

There was, also, a considerable number of negroes at the camp-meeting of Westchester : a separate place had been assigned to them, nor

* Many of our readers will hardly understand this passage ; yet it is true, that the great vivacity and excitability, peculiar to the inhabitants of southern Italy, often carry them on this occasion so utterly beyond their own wits, that a language is used toward St. Januarius, which does not only appear to a foreigner as threatening, but which actually is in part composed of threats and reproaches. That the women far exceed the men in this religious clamour is a matter of course.—Of what the contents of these vials consist, no uninitiated person can say : to look at them is all that is granted, and a Davy or Berzelius never touched them.—EDITOR.

had they any tent. They seemed to me to behave very quietly here; it is not so in the meeting-houses of the coloured people. There, their boisterous violence is greater in proportion to their greater ignorance. Some years ago I went into one of the principal methodist meeting-houses of coloured people in Philadelphia, and I never shall forget the impression made upon me by the unbounded excitement and passion of the congregation. The preacher, a mulatto, spoke incoherently on a variety of subjects, throwing in, at the same time, a number of passages of the Bible, much in the style of all fanatics. His gesticulations were violent in the highest degree; a large mug with water stood in the pulpit, from which he took frequent draughts. It was not long before his ideas concentrated upon the constant theme—the torments of the damned, which he depicted not without the eloquence and poetry of high passion. I remember some of his fanciful descriptions.—“Imagine,” he said, “that you will be for ten thousand years on the bottom of the sea, and mountains of rocks weighing upon your breast.” The people uttered a deep groan. “Imagine that no being on earth or in heaven,

or in all creation, listens to your agony." The people groaned in still greater excitement. "Imagine ten thousand years more, alone, without a single friend, without a soul, not even the consolation of a fellow sufferer." The groans and shrieks became louder and louder, and the preacher at length wrought himself to such a pitch of excitement, after he had called with a loud voice, "Hear ye the trumpets, hear ye?" that he himself could find no longer either words or images; and, bending forward over the pulpit, he waved several times with both his arms in different directions, and uttered a loud, tremulous groan. This was the sign for a general convulsion of the meeting; screaming, shrieking, moaning, calling to absent persons, weeping, praying, stamping, groaning, were heard or seen in every part of the church; while, in contrast with this scene, I observed an old negro without any signs of violence, over whose dark cheeks rolled the big tears of contrition.

After some time the agitation subsided; the preacher was heard again praying, first in tones comparatively calm and moderate; but, as his excitement increased, his utterance partook more

and more of the former violence, and his prayer ended by his grasping the 'pulpit with both his hands, and actually stretching both his legs far out behind in the air, from the mere overflowing of passion—a frenzy incapable of being any longer expressed in definite words, and seeking vent in these vehement movements of the body. That the hearers followed in their agitation their preacher at a proportionate distance, was natural. There was no emotion, it was all intoxication—it was the bewildering opium of passion, instead of the pure wine of religion, which strengthens the weary wanderer on his long and toilsome path; it was a religious running amuck.

The same stages of excitement were run through, when, towards the conclusion of the service, the servant of the boarding-house where I lodged, and who acted it seems as clerk, uttered his fervent prayer. “Wasn’t it fine?” said he, when I left the meeting-house, and he saw me.

I should not have given you these descriptions, had I in the least to fear that you will peruse them by the way of amusement: they are, in my opinion, of a character but too grave.

I have given them as contributions to the study of the human soul, and much as I abhor the amusing ourselves by the recital of man's aberration, madness and crime, I am equally disposed to discountenance the smothering of a true knowledge of man by ill-timed delicacy. Let the truth be unveiled, and let him who is zealous of knowing man, boldly look reality into the face. Unwarped knowledge of bare reality must accompany and direct our reflections on man and society, lest we should never be enabled to choose appropriate means for realizing the best and wisest plans.

These preachers resemble, in their violence, the monks or street-preachers whom I have often seen in Italy, when, in great agitation, they pace up and down, a crucifix in one hand, and a handkerchief in the other, to remove their profuse perspiration; now loudly calling upon the faithful, now offering them the crucifix to kiss, now threatening and fulminating, now supplicating and imploring. And with them, too, the torments of the infernal regions formed a frequent theme of their addresses, to which the hearers responded with their well known *o Gesù, o Gesù, misericordia*, though, with them,

this theme is often varied with that of indulgences.

I have heard many, many startling sermons, and speeches on religion, and the offering of indulgences “cheap, really cheap, if you consider,” as once a monk said to me, and the long lists of indulgences regulated by year and month at the church-doors, or the *roba santa*, as the Italians often call the various articles offered for the edification of the faithful in Loretto or Rome, or almost any place in Italy, formed certainly not the least surprising addition.

I find in my journal, on November 25th, 1822, an account of a street sermon in Rome, which I will translate as accurately as I can, though things of this kind sound in Italian both more striking and, in some respects, less positive. I remember the whole perfectly well, and that I wrote it down as soon as I returned home. The passage is this:

“After having seen the church of St. Gregory, beautifully situated on *Mons Coelius*, I went again to the Coliseum (the mighty fabric, which tyranny seems to have raised to reconcile posterity to its existence—the quarry for the palace-castles of the Orsini and other Roman

families*) and found here again the old man in soiled garment, preaching to the peasants. Sometimes he sung the *credo*, &c., the peasants and children sung after him ; then he preached in the most familiar style ; suddenly he addresses one : ‘ Who has created the heaven ? ’ Answer : ‘ God.’—‘ Might he let the heavens fall down ? ’ and, answering himself, he continued, ‘ certainly.’ ‘ Could he break down the earth ? ’ ‘ Most undoubtedly ! ’ and now he spoke of earthquakes, sudden deaths and the *oath* ‘ *accidente*. ’ He flew from one subject to another, and spoke of the first Christians, (‘ *attento* ! ’ he stamped with his foot ;) they used to keep all feast days, and that of St. Andrew too.’ ‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ if you appear at the gate of heaven, and knock at the door (he knocked him-

* The Coliseum is so mighty a fabric, that the stones for many buildings in Rome were obtained from it. The *Teatro Marcello*, which Augustus caused to be built and dedicated to Marcellus, the son of his sister Octavia, was changed in the middle ages into a fortified palace of the Orsini family, who had obtained permission from the pope to take the stones necessary for their building from the Coliseum. And yet after all these spoliations, enough remains of this edifice, to show its gigantic dimensions. A clear moonshine, such as is common in Rome, falling upon these vast ruins, piled up like rocks, is one of the most impressive sights.—EDITOR.

self against the wall) St. Peter will ask, ‘Who’s there?’ ‘I am a sinner.’ ‘Have you paid proper regard to me?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Have you properly kept my feasts?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘And those of my dear brother St. Andrew, likewise?’ ‘No!’ ‘And why not?’ ‘Because the festival was abolished.’ ‘Go along, go along, I have nothing to do with you; yes, yes, go along, I say, begone.’ ‘And where shall we go?’ ‘Where you like, I don’t care?’—‘Thus,’ continued he, ‘eternal complaint is raised against the many festivals, and here you see the consequences.’” His sermon lasted yet for a long time. While he was preaching, people began to assemble to hear a monk, who spoke in a somewhat higher style, but again with uncommon vivacity. The old man is paid by a pious society.

On the 19th of January, 1823, I heard another man preaching in the coliseo. In the course of his address he asked his hearers, “Who is the prince of the church? (*principe della chiesa.*)” “St. John,” one of the people answered. “St. John! what stupidity!—St. Peter, my dearest friend; are you so stupid! St. John!—St. Peter, ass! Who of you calls

himself John?" "I, sir," said a lad of about seventeen. "Well, now look here: St. John came to preach penitence before Christ, that people should make good Christians of themselves, in every thing, and also in their customs. Now, thou wearest Turkish pantaloons, and the Turks are not Christians. Go, therefore, to your father and ask him to have your pantaloons made tighter." The lad had somewhat wide pantaloons made of some blue stuff. A few minutes after, an old man, and one of about forty years, both of this congregation, quarrelled with each other, as to which had taken off his cap first at a passing clergyman, since the preacher had scolded his little congregation for not showing due regard to this priest, who "was nevertheless spending his life in praying for them."

I have now spoken of so much startling preaching, that I will give you a sermon which appears to me one of the sublimest I ever heard. At any rate there is no ranting or cant in it. An acquaintance of mine marched as a volunteer against the French in 1813, and had been made, by the time to which I refer, an officer. Previous to his taking arms he had been a student

of theology, and is now a minister. On the morning of the battle at Leipzig, the commander of his battalion called upon him to preach to the soldiers. The usual scaffold of drums was formed; the regiment was placed on a hill, the view from which extended over a large part of the field of the largest battle ever recorded—the giant battle, as it often has been termed. It is easy to imagine how the preacher felt when he stood on his elevation, and looked on his brethren in arms, and on the extensive plain which was soon to drink the blood of the brave in torrents. He began, “Brethren, warriors—there is the enemy of our country—there is God,” (pointing toward heaven,)—“pray!”—he could say no more. The whole congregation in arms prayed in silence, when the distant thunder of artillery called them to their martial duty, and gave the signal that the murderous contest was beginning, which raged three days, and decided the fate of Europe.

LETTER VII.

Effect produced on the mind by a view of Niagara—Characteristic outlines of the great cataract—Goat Island—Quantity of water hourly sent into the abyss—Passage behind the Falls—Mr. Ingraham—Colour of Niagara—Leap of the waters—Noise produced by the cataract—Rainbow of Niagara—Majestic steadiness of the Falls—Mist—Eddies—Meteors—The whirlpool—Concluding reflections.

*“ El que no ha visto á Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla ;
El que no ha visto á Granada,
No ha visto nada :”
Pero el que á Niágara vió,
Todo lo bueno se halló.**

THE last is, at all events, as true as the first and second positions; but have no fear, I will try to be sober.

* The four first lines are proverbially used by the people of Granada; they mean, “ He who has not seen Seville has not seen any wonder; he who has not seen Granada has seen nothing.” A similar expression is, “ *A quien Dios lo quiso bien*

Nature is a book ; this is so true that it has become a common-place. The readers of this book of nature are various as the readers of other works. Some few ponder silently on the great contents of this sacred volume, faithfully striving to perceive the spirit of its author, as an humble reader is anxious to wed to his mind the contents of a book written by a master. And, as a volume of deep contents forms the bridge on which the minds of the author and his earnest reader meet, so will the contemplative student of nature's pages perceive the breath of life of its great author, when he peruses them in solitary meditation. He will forget the letters and the words and phrases before him, and be carried away by the thought which lives within them. Other readers approach this book as they take up any other work, with a mind whetted by egotism. They read it, but cannot rid themselves, in doing so, of their own self ; they do not enter on its contents freely, and as a scholar who has to learn, but as a reviewer who *en Granada, le dió de comer,*" (him, whom God loves, he gives his bread to eat in Granada.) The two last lines, probably added by the author, mean, " But he who has seen Niagara, has seen every thing worthy of admiration."—EDITOR.

thinks himself above the book. Others read with the eye of vanity, to be able to quote it, to appear in society as well read and learned; to grace and ornament their own pages. Others look at it as a thoughtless girl hastily skims over the pages of a new novel, forgetting to-day what they read yesterday, merely to drive away time, which for others rushes by so inexorably swift; or, to catch a few passages for the motley scrap-book of their shallow mind. Others,—plodding tourists,—dwell upon every syllable and letter; but when they stop they remember the words only which they have seen, as a reader, fatigued by long study, when morning begins to throw her glances on the book which he opened in the evening, passes with his eye repeatedly over a page, and yet cannot any longer comprehend its meaning. There are other readers of nature, who peruse her with noisy devotion; who would make people believe that they feel much because they exclaim, admire, and talk much; others who read with garrulous sentimentality; and still others who spell nature's poetry, as the proof reader goes over the most exalted passages to the com-

positor, with heavy, loud monótony, every syllable and comma well pronounced :

As-if-to-sweep-down-a-all-things-in-its-track (comma)

Charm-ing-the-eye-with-dread (comma-dash) a-match-less-
ca-ta-ract (full-stop.)

To which of the above-mentioned classes I belong you must judge. I only know to which I would wish to belong, and that I cannot be counted among those who—some in reality, some apparently—are affected in the presence of the noble aspect of Niagara, more deeply with the sensation of the power of God, than they ever were in their lives before. The following pages and the verses I send you,* however poor they may be in themselves, will show you that I cannot be called a thoughtless gazer on the mighty cataracts ; but I own, I cannot see how they can impress us more or even so much with the idea of God's power as many other phenomena. The firmament, the sea, from a mountain near the shore, the lofty Alps, when they appear for the first time to the lonely wanderer with the rosy evening glow on their hoary summits, like Raphael's Jove with his gray locks,

* Probably a German poem on Niagara, which we have seen, published in Germany.—EDITOR.

yet cheeks glowing with immortal vigour, have a more expansive power upon my mind than the great falls.

It is painful to see how many people seem to require grand and powerful physical phenomena in order to be roused, and how they seem thus to adhere to matter, not elevating themselves to a contemplation of the principle of life. One walk in the spring in the open fields, when the blades shoot forth from the ground, and variegated flowers bud, and trees put on their new garments, all taking nourishment from the same ground and the same air, but changing it by unseen and unknown processes with subtle delicacy, into opposite colours, into juices of the most different properties, into millions of different forms, reminds me more of the central hearth of life, of the power which pervades all nature with unaccountable laws,—the breath which blew life into matter. You will often find that people seem astounded at some contrivance in nature which, when you inquire closely into the grounds of their astonishment, is found to be in fact nothing else than a surprise that nature should have been as inventive and wise as man himself; for I speak here of cases, when,

in nature, the application of a principle which man has independently found out and applied, is discovered. The fructification of sage is certainly a very interesting subject of observation and reflection; but the circumstance that the stamina work like levers, and powder, with pollen, the back of the insect, which searches for the honey exuded in the bottom of the flower, so that the insect must carry this powder to the female blossoms of the same species, seems to me, if we once admit a difference in these subjects, not to be calculated to excite our admiration of the power of nature's God, in as great a degree, as the colours of these very flowers, which are formed by processes as yet entirely unapproached. In short, the *life* in nature is a subject much greater than the contrivances, but the pulley of the wrist seems to many people more admirable than the living pulse close by.

There seems, moreover, to exist a general disposition among men, in my opinion founded upon an erroneous conception, to draw a sharp line of distinction between the works of nature and those of man, and to admire the former at the expense of the latter. This feeling was car-

ried, at one time, so far, that it was even a usual pretence to find the most common object in nature more admirable than the most perfect work of art. Yet what is man? Is he excluded from nature? does he stand without her? or is he, like all the rest of creation, wrapt up in the all-enshrouding spirit of the Creator? Can he sever himself for a moment from all the matter which surrounds him, and to which he is bound by a thousand ties, and can he abandon for a moment the laws which form the principles of his body and his soul? Is his mind not a work of God, as well as a plant, or a mountain? are we not taught to consider it God's greatest creation? Are not the laws, according to which the mind of man works and conceives, his laws, and is not a statue of Apollo conceived and made after the images of perfection which he moulded and set up in the noblest souls, as much a work of his creation as the towering Alps? Does it indeed reflect his almighty power less than the "wing of a bee?" Not to me. When I stand before the noble fabric—the cathedral of Cologne, I perceive God's spirit in it as much as I see it in the "heaven-kissing hills." When Palestrina's heavenly peals swell

upon my ear, I feel its presence, as when a glorious sun rises out of the sea, and changes the lilies which a silvery moon had strewn on the main, for the roses and rubies of the morn.

That there is a sublimity in the great works of nature which more powerfully affects most minds than the sublimity of works of art, I admit; but this does not prove that there is less of this character in a perfect statue or painting than in a mountain scenery or a cataract; but it requires perhaps a more cultivated mind to be as susceptible of the sublimity of the former as of that of the latter; for the grandeur of art is of a more spiritual cast. The impression of awe, which the sublime includes, is more powerful in stupendous works or great phenomena of nature; but as to the other qualities of the sublime, I would not make any difference in general.

You have read nearly all the late accounts of Niagara, and I shall not detain you by a fresh attempt at description. I merely intend to give you some items in relation to this magnificent spectacle. If I now and then repeat what others have said, you may apply what Göthe said of Italy: Let every one give

his impressions; there is room enough for all.

It is my custom, whenever any thing great or powerful is brought within the sphere of my observation, be it of a moral character, an action, a great era, a work of art, a phenomenon in nature, a beauty, or an object of sublimity,—first to allow its full and undivided effect upon my mind, and then to endeavour to analyze it—to discover its component parts, in order to become acquainted, if possible, with the process by which I have been affected. It is by this latter operation alone, that we can obtain a calm, true, and unbiassed view of intellectual or physical phenomena; that we can deprive danger of its fearful aspects, or bring moral sublimity within the grasp of our emulation.

I have performed this analysis with regard to the Falls. After I had gazed, and given myself passively up to my sensations, I endeavoured to trace out, as far as an individual can, the elements of my impressions. In writing to you, I shall perhaps follow somewhat the opposite course; and be obliged to begin with the little and rise to the grand. But in order to do this, let me hastily sketch, once more, some of

the most characteristic outlines of the picture of the great cataract.

The vast inland seas west of the Niagara, send from out the mighty basins their waters toward the Falls, and all their never-ceasing volumes tend to this point, which forms the greatest beauty of that chain of lakes whose vast sheets vie with the sea, extending nearly fifteen hundred miles in length, and constituting the ornament and great blessing of our North. The distant St. Louis, which, in its beginning, moves in a doubtful* course, as if undecided whether to contribute its contents to the giant river of our west, and travel with it three thousand miles, down to the gulf of Mexico, or empty itself into the basin of Lake Superior,—is the most remote source of this chain of waters. The last named lake, with a sheet of thirty thousand square miles, Lake Michigan, with a surface of fifteen thousand, Lake Huron with one of eighteen thousand, and all three of amazing depth, so that their bottom is nearly three hundred feet below the ocean tides, while their surface is from six to seven hundred

* The course of the St. Louis is, in the beginning, directed toward the west, as if it were to join the Mississippi.—EDITOR.

feet above the level of the sea,—and Lake Erie, with a sheet of eight thousand square miles,—all these reservoirs send their waters to Niagara.

Niagara Strait, a channel of thirty-seven miles, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, is about a mile in width at its commencement, but narrows and again widens even to as much as five and six miles, and bends in various directions before it arrives at the Falls, after a course of about twenty miles. In some places its depth has been ascertained to be two hundred and forty feet; in others it is probably much greater. Shortly before arriving at the Falls, the course of the stream is a little north of west; rolling over the Falls it makes an abrupt angle, and runs toward north north-east. Not less variable than the breadth and direction of the strait, is the rapidity of the current. Near Black Rock, the velocity is probably not less than from six to eight miles an hour; the stream then glides quietly along, at the rate of not more than from two to four miles, like the silent brooding of a people, mocking patience, before a great revolution. At the Rapids, above the Falls, the current assumes an immense

velocity ; and the water below the Falls, rushes on, in some places with mad fury, in all, with great rapidity, as far as Lewiston and Queenston. The descent of the water in the strait is three hundred and thirty-four feet.

The banks of the strait are as low as the Falls ; from this point the water flows in a deep ravine with rocky walls as high as three hundred and seventy feet, which gradually lower near Lake Ontario. It is this sudden change of the bed which produces the Falls. Immediately below them these stupendous walls, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes with beetling rocks, and defying with very few exceptions the best crags-man, are about three hundred feet high. The distance between the two landing-places of the ferries, nearly a mile below the Falls, is about seventy-six rods. You have then the depth and width of this ravine : its rugged sides are adorned and crested with shrubs and trees. They run nearly parallel ; at the beginning or upper end of the ravine, they join in a curve. Over this curve of the ravine rolls the Niagara in three distinct Falls, divided from each other by two islands enthroned on the edge of the ravine. One of

them, Goat Island, the largest of a group of three, is quite at the end of the south-eastern side of the ravine, leaving on its western side or end only the closing curve, over which the largest of the cataracts, the Crescent Fall, flows into the deep abyss below. On the northern side of Goat Island, and between it and the small Prospect Island, is the Central Fall. To the north of the latter island, again, is the Schlosser Fall. The bend of Niagara is so peculiar, that it requires some exertion of your mind to arrive at a clear perception of the four cardinal points in relation to the cataract. You ought, however, to represent clearly to yourself the precise situation of the Falls and their bends; and the better to enable you to do this, I send you hereby a little book, "A Manuel for the Use of Visitors to the Falls of Niagara," by Mr. Ingraham, which he has published merely as the forerunner of a larger work. The latter will be, probably, the most complete publication ever sent forth on this great work of nature.

The little book I send you contains, along with a sufficient number of exclamations and quotations, a great many facts: which will

have the more value in your eyes, when I assure you that the author has spared no pains and fatigue, in reading and observing, to arrive as near the truth of the various subjects as possible.

Goat Island contains about sixty acres, and, for a variety of reasons, is a most charming spot. Prospect Island is very small: I have written it down on the tablet of my memory as *Isola Preziosa*; and a precious isle it is. It lies on the brink of the lofty battlement between the two Falls on the United States side, like a jutting watch-tower, placed there for the purpose of affording the finest prospect of the Schlosser Fall. There is one particular spot,—where you tread upon the roots of a juniper, overhanging the fearful precipice,—from which you can see far under you, and there have a view of the waters precipitating themselves in one great mass after having tumbled over the many cliffs between Goat Island and the main. It is one of the finest situations for the sight. They might have called this island the *Islet*, *par excellence*; Prospect Island sounds a little of the show-case.

Let me now rapidly sketch out the upper line or edge of the end of this ravine, which forms the Falls. Schlosser, or the American

Fall, as it is sometimes very loosely called, the most northern of the three, is about fifty-six rods in width, and one hundred and sixty-seven in perpendicular descent. Prospect Island is about ten yards in width, and the Central Fall also about ten yards. The edge of the ravine, which is formed by the north-western limit of Goat Island, is eighty rods, and the Crescent or Horse-shoe Fall, extending from Goat Island to the Canada shore, "is about a quarter of a mile in a direct line, or about half a mile following the curve;"* which, though Crescent Fall is a fit name, and a thousand times better than Horse-shoe Fall, resembles more a parabolic line, the longer leg of which lies toward the Canada shore, and the apex of which gives way to a sudden angle receding to the south-east. This angle and the comparatively straight line close to it on the west, are the causes of the production of one of the sublimest spectacles in the world, as you will see from the sequel. The whole Crescent is lower than the eastern bank of the ravine, which causes a much greater body of water to roll over it than over either of the two other falls. The perpendicular descent of the Crescent Fall

* See Ingraham's Manuel, p. 46, et seq --EDITOR.

is one hundred and fifty-four feet, therefore, thirteen feet lower than the Schlosser Fall.

From the shore of Goat Island, a bridge, called Terrapin Bridge, of three hundred feet in length, is built, leading to a point north of the receding angle of the Crescent just mentioned, and projecting over the falls about eight or ten feet. It ends in a point, and this point, (from which you can see perpendicularly down into the gulf, while under your feet the waters rush and hurry on, and swell and roll over,) is one of the jewel-spots, as I call them in my journal, where, as I think I have mentioned already, I have placed all the fine views I have seen, together—a precious list to me. The tower of the Acrocorinth, the highest point of the crater of Vesuvius, the eastern side of the convent of the Camaldoli, near Naples, the Königstuhl, near Heidelberg, a certain spot on the Palatino, in Rome, a spot above the Hudson, near Wiehawk, Terrapin Bridge, several spots in Switzerland and Tyrol, and a certain point near Marseilles when you approach from Avignon, rank among the solitaires of these jewels. The view from the point of this bridge, though of uncommon interest, is not,

however, a good view of the Falls, as a whole ; this can be only obtained from below, or at a distance.

Close to this bridge has been erected a turret, which, I think, is perfectly in keeping with all the gigantic objects and stupendous phenomena around you, provided you can bring yourself to take it for a pepper-box. But I will be fair. Much, and not without reason, is said against this turret, yet from it you have a view of the incision or receding angle of the Crescent, such as you could not possibly have any where else ; and, even with regard to its own appearance, I must say that when on one afternoon I saw from Table-Rock the rainbow resting with one end on Goat Island edge, and the other on the opposite shore, like a glorious triumphal arch over the mighty cataract, this turret, seen at a distance, contributed not a little to beautify the great picture. It was a slight indication that man was there, also ; somewhat like a little garden, which we sometimes suddenly meet with, perched among the steepest rocks in a lonely Alpine country.

The depth of the mass of water, where it rolls over the precipice, is prodigious. Mr. Dwight

estimates the quantity which hourly is sent into the abyss, at 102,093,750 tons; Mr. Darby at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet, and Mr. Picken at 113,510,000 gallons, or 18,524,000 cubic feet per minute. These estimates have been made according to the depth and velocity of Niagara at its leaving Lake Erie, near Black Rock.

The water, precipitating itself with such immense swiftness over the edge of the ravine, (it descends about fifty-eight feet in the half mile immediately above the Falls,) does not, as you may well imagine, drop down perpendicularly, but in a parabolic line. It is believed that the waters of the Crescent Fall touch the surface of the stream below about fifty feet from the point, which they would reach, were the fall perpendicular. The whole height, including the descent of the rapids above, is given as two hundred and sixteen feet.

Owing to this projecting of the waters, the traveller is enabled to get some way behind the sheets of two of these cataracts, the Crescent and Central Falls. The passage behind the latter we owe to Mr. Ingraham, who induced the owner to cut a path in the rock, about midway in the bank. If the sight here is not

so full of terror as behind the sheet of the Crescent, you have, at least, a better opportunity of studying the grace of these leaping waters, when the moving crystal arch descends before your eyes, with such a steadiness and continuance, that I, who never was giddy in my life, felt a powerful effect, when I looked up and followed, with my eye, the rushing arch in its whole course down ; it was a sensation as if I were powerfully drawn after ; and, indeed, I would not advise any one, who is liable to giddiness, to try this particular experiment.

It was, I own with jealous feelings I lately read, that Mr. Ingraham has succeeded in getting behind this sheet from below. He had long foreseen that it would be practicable to penetrate behind this fall, though only an individual who had resided so long on the spot, and familiarized himself as much with every appearance of the Falls, as he had, could have conceived the idea, and persisted so perseveringly in the attempt to realize it. The rushing streams through which you must wade, the dangerous and slippery rock, over which you must climb, the tremendous noise, the streams of water which the crossing winds dash in your

face, and which almost prevent you from seeing your companion, while your face is whipped by blasts, altogether render it a most hazardous expedition. He was the first who insisted upon its possibility, and the first who attempted it, and if he was not actually the first who succeeded in the attempt, it was owing merely to a temporary absence from Niagara.

When I had the good fortune of meeting Mr. Ingraham at Niagara, we went together in a boat to the foot of the Central Fall, and he made an attempt then to penetrate behind the sheet, while our boat was in great danger of being dashed to pieces against the rocks, the current here driving violently toward the shore, owing to the immense mass of water which falls from the centre of the Crescent Fall into the depth, and is then forced violently up in the middle of the stream, by the pressure of succeeding volumes of water. At that time he was not successful.

Almost all travellers go behind the sheet of the Crescent Fall, at its western end. The works which you have read have already informed you, that, for the first time you enter, a guide is necessary to lead you through the

violent blasts. Most people will always require one. The spot where the path ends is called Termination Rock, and is above a hundred and fifty feet from the commencement of the volume of water. You cannot arrive there otherwise than perfectly drenched, and the entire novelty of the scene, incomparable with any thing you have ever perceived in your life before, and the difficulty of breathing, as you inhale a quantity of water, would induce most people to give up the idea of penetrating to the end, had not long experience shown that, with proper precaution, there is no real danger. Even most ladies who visit Niagara, go behind this sheet.

When I had arrived at the extremity of the path, and looked over into the gulf—the deafening roar, the gusts of water, the sight of the rebellious streams driving in all directions, and of the watery volley shot up from below, the rolling sea above, water on all sides, and the air nauseously impregnated with heavy moisture; the eyes deprived of half their vision, by the water which is driven into them by the violent blasts, and the piercing whistling of the latter round the edges and sharp points of the rocks; the uncertainty of the colour of the

waters, white, grey, green, continually changing, and the greenish dim light reaching you through the furious waters above; the enraged froth beneath, boiling in madness, that it must break against the rocks, peaks, and points, when all that which I slowly enumerate, burst in one moment upon me, my first thought or feeling was, "Oh Dante, why couldst thou not see it!"

Most commentators on this great poet, (who wore the best wreath on Mount Parnassus, until the inspiring maids placed a still richer on the brows of Albion's son,) say, that his inventive mind has exhausted all the terrors of which the human soul can conceive, and which are fit subjects for poetry. I, too, was of this opinion, until I stood on Termination rock. There is not once, in Dante's whole poem, even an allusion to watery torment and horror, and yet, how would he have seized upon the sight, and wrought it into poetry? I have read Dante again and again, and in many various situations; I believe I have not remained a stranger to the spirit which lives in his great work, and trust I *feel* it; and yet I am convinced that he could not have seen this

work of nature, without showing that he had seen it, in his poem. It cannot be said that Dante could not have used the horrors of the water, since the belief, then prevalent, chose to consider fire as the chief agent of infernal sufferings. Dante, though in the general outlines adhering, as was necessary, to general belief, is independent in all his details, and there is no reason why he should not have filled one *bolgia* with the terrors of the waters, particularly as they seem to most people more terrific than those of fire. There is a clammy disgust, a scent of mouldering, a sight of slime and slippery weed, a want of warmth and animal life, in caverns filled with the terrors of the waters, which is not inherent in fire, an element with the effects of which we are much more familiarized by the concerns of our daily life. Whether Dante has ever seen the Evelino tumbling from the Caduta del Marmore, I know not; but even if he had, it would not have afforded elements at all comparable to those which would most powerfully have impressed themselves upon his mind at Niagara. The Evelino is not terrific; nowhere does it appear frightful. Every eyewitness of both the cataracts, I fear not, will gree with me.

The colour of Niagara, when not changed by heavy rains, is a peculiarly beautiful green, differing from sea-green, as it seems to me to have more of an emerald hue in it; I can only compare it to the dye of the Neckar, yet the Niagara is much more beautiful. I have already spoken of the salient angle in the line of the Crescent Fall, and the comparatively straight line to the west of it. I send you a *croquis* of the currents and eddies above and below the Falls; I have taken and verified it from the little wooden house above Table Rock, from the turret, from the spot where the road along the Canada shore bends down to the ferry house, and according to the observations I had an opportunity of making, when I swam in the river immediately below the Falls. I had the pleasure of making a copy of this chart of currents for Mr. Ingraham; but I was obliged to make it on a very reduced scale, from the original *croquis*, so that it was impossible for me to enter all the many currents and counter-currents below the Falls. Yet it contains a delineation of the chief currents of the irritated river below.

From the accompanying *croquis* you will perceive, that, by the different sweeps of the

water, a much greater quantity rolls over the straight line of which I have just spoken, and which occupies less than a third of the Crescent Fall. The most beautiful part of the finest of the cataracts is owing to this circumstance. This immense thick mass of water remains unbroken down to the middle of the Falls, and the colour being of a fine emerald hue, it produces one dense and deep sheet or mass of uncommonly beautiful colour. On the one side is the pointed angle which gives the very picture of irresistible ingulfing, and on each side a large white foamy sheet, like large borders to the green central piece. This emerald part has such a compound character of compactness, united with a transparent crystal elegance, it rolls over the crest so majestically, and has, with all its velocity, such an appearance of steadiness, owing to its thickness and density, and yet the swelling lines on its surface, as it rolls over and descends, forms such a graceful contrast with the turmoil and uproar close at hand, that there is nothing in the world to which I can possibly compare it: I have never seen any thing similar, even on a smaller scale—never before, majesty and grace thus blended. Some of the best views of this

part are from the window of Biddle Staircase, by which you descend from Goat Island to the river below,—from the middle of the river when you cross in the ferry,—and from Table Rock, a rock which, in the form of a plate, projects and forms a precipice close to the north-eastern end of the Crescent. It is a hundred and sixty-three feet from the depth, and it projects so much, that when you look down,—lying, of course, flat on the ground, as every experienced traveller does in such cases,—to *enjoy* a *precipice*, you can see not only perpendicularly down, but even under the rock. To your right you have the Crescent Fall, and you may see the upper part of the emerald sheet to more advantage from here than from any other spot; while the rest of the great cataract has, from this point, the character of the terrific. None of the three falls *tumble*; they *leap*: and from Table Rock you may see the long leap which the waters make, down to where the horror of an eternal mist covers the still more horrific depth. The terror of Niagara from here is like the fury of a lion, who leaps with grace upon his prey.

I remember well all I felt when I was on the

brink of the crater of Vesuvius, and, since my return, have read over again my journal, in which I have entered a somewhat detailed account of my expedition to that volcano; but the awfulness which it inspired is not to be compared to that produced by Niagara seen from this point. The unceasing noise, the tone of which I have named to you in a previous letter,* interrupted only by still deeper tones occasioned by the falling of some more compact masses, and very similar to the sound produced by large masses of snow breaking from the high Alps, and rolling upon the loose snow in the valley—a tone which resembles distant thunder—the thick mist below, through which you see, toward the river, the ever-boiling and madly dancing foam, and the volumes of dense spray rising above a hundred feet, and through them again aquatic meteors ascending to a hundred and twenty feet and then bursting; the engulfing character which the Falls have from here, give them something far more awful in their effects upon the feelings than the crater of Vesuvius.

Yet, as if placed here to comfort man, and to

* It was the first G below the first line in the bass.

show him that, though nature may seem for a moment to move in rebellious lawlessness, and to have broken from its fixed lines, yet every atom carries its eternal law along with it, and cannot move out of its character,—floats over all this roar and riot of the elements a consoling rainbow formed of the very water which but a moment before carried destruction in its heedless hurry,—to remind you that there is order in nature where you perceive but wild disorder, and that fearful struggle or loathsome dissolution returns to the beauty which graces the universe,—that “the spirit of God moveth upon the face of the waters.”

The lunar bow is equally beautiful; I saw it one night, tinged with a slight hue of its brighter mate, to whom the sun lends his splendour. It looked like a rainbow, pale from grief; and as it rested over the foaming waters of Niagara—truly like “Love watching madness with unalterable mien.” This madness of the waters is found, however, only in the gulf below; where the boiling, and gushing, and leaping element, as if fury had changed its nature, wrestles with the firm rocks and conquers them in the long struggle.

In all other places, the character of Niagara Falls is very different. I recollect the Evelino well, and a more beautiful passage of descriptive poetry, than that of Byron, "The roar of waters, &c.," I know not; yet it does not describe Niagara. He would have employed different colours, a different grouping, and another style to paint this cataract. However, great as Byron is in description, should I wish for one of the Falls, and could I choose among all the masters, I would say, let Shakspeare sketch it with his firm hand. The words of his descriptions, as of all his other passages, are "spaced" with thought.

There is, strong as it may sound to you, a character of majestic steadiness in the Niagara Falls. Those gigantic masses preserve their compact form, throughout one half of their entire fall, and as they roll over the precipice, and descend to midway, almost unchanged, present such an unbroken front, that the whole picture has about it an appearance as if the waters had been commanded to stand still, and had been suddenly stopped in their course. It is the contrast which this distinguishing feature of the cataract forms with the bounding leap, and the

actual and known velocity of the waters, together with the many other contrasts which this phenomenon presents, the deafening noise and blinding spray, with the bright rainbow, and the sparkling surface of parts of the waters, the solemn roar and the piercing single tones, the thriving cheerful vegetation on the banks, and the helpless weed whipped against the rock—it is the thousand contrasts which you meet here, that lend so inexpressible a charm to this stupendous and lovely phenomenon, and which cause every one to take leave of it, as of a friend you have learned to love, in spite of the essential sternness and grandeur of his character.

The *emerald*, of which I spoke above, is not seen with the Schlosser, nor Central Falls; they leap in a sheet of foam from their immense height. About two-thirds of the surface of the water, enclosed by the Crescent Fall, are covered with impenetrable spray and mist, out of which the peculiar meteors or jets I mentioned are seen to shoot up. Captain Hall calls them cones, or comets. I saw them rather in the shape of a hay-stack, the top of which was formed by a compact body of water, from which a thick

spray descending, gave the outline of the sides.*

Where the mist becomes thinner, you perceive the leaping and foaming surface; a little lower down the river, the surface becomes comparatively calm, yet is covered with one thick coat of foam, which extends a considerable distance down the river,—farther on the Canada side than on the opposite,—forming what might be termed the snow-field of waters. It was to this snow-field that I endeavoured to approach as near as possible, and if practicable to get into it, when I made the excursion mentioned above with Mr. Ingraham. I was desirous of determining the buoyancy of this foamy water by immersing my body in it; but the boatmen could not take us close enough up to it. I therefore went into the water some rods below the margin of the snow-field, intending to swim down to the Canada ferry house, but I met with

* This spray diverges, in descending, from the perpendicular line passing through the centre of the globular top, in an angle of forty-five degrees,—sometimes in very distinct outlines; at others, they are dissolved in indistinct mist.—
EDITOR.

two difficulties which interrupted my progress. The waves of the river, short, high, and troublesome, without any real swell,—like the waves between breakers,—had, besides, the peculiarity that they did not throw over their foamy crest *with* the current, and, therefore, *from* the swimmer,—as the waves of the sea always throw over the crest with the *wind*,—but *against* the swimmer, owing to the extreme velocity of the current. The motion was at the same time violent; and it became as difficult to keep my breath as to struggle against these retrograde motions. The eddies in different directions were besides very numerous, and irresistible by human force: sometimes I would find myself on a spot at which the water boiled up from below, while at the surface it glided off in all directions, which made it difficult for me to work my body. I do not know whether it was alone the difficulty of swimming that gave me the feeling, or whether the water, not having discharged all the air, was sensibly less buoyant; certain it is that it seemed to me so. I have often swam in the sea and the surf, even near rocks and breakers, and having besides once proved by an uninterrupted swimming of three

hours and a quarter, that I can stand great fatigue in that way, you will believe me when I say that the difficulties were not slight. Yet if I go another time to visit the magnificent spectacle of the Cataract, I shall try to get in nearer toward the north-western end of the Crescent, where, as I said, the foam extends much lower down.—Here you have enough of my own personage. I once asked a compositor why he had an unusual quantity of the capital letter I in his case. “Sir,” said he, “I am composing a book of travels.” But what can a traveller do? he cannot speak in the third person as a Cæsar or Napoleon.

I have often watched the different forms which the single parts composing this great phenomenon, adopt in falling. I succeeded nowhere better in doing this than at the south-western part of the Crescent, where I approached the foot of the Cataract as nearly as I could, without having my sight obstructed by the heavy spray. I was looking up nearly perpendicularly, and saw the water rolling over and descending a considerable distance in a green, transparent arch, the outside of which was rippled by the friction of the air. These ripples

increased as the body of water fell, while the water itself began to divide. Soon it assumed the form to which all liquid strives, if left to itself—the globular, and looked like large crystal balls, of a much lighter dye than when it was united in one mass. These balls again subdivided into smaller ones, and became of course lighter in colour with each subdivision, while the friction of the air caused particles of the surface to fly off as little satellites of spray. The balls now divided so much, that they appeared like drops of melted glass. You may have seen the exact appearance, in glass works, when drops of melted glass are allowed to fall into water, to produce Prince Rupert's drops. I was reminded at the time of these heavy drops, which deviate from the globular form by having a larger (lower) and a somewhat tapering (upper) end. The tapering end of the water-drop becomes thinner, and the colour, from a state of transparency, changes to a white, owing to the intermixture of air, and a foam appears on the outside of the drops, which now assume the form of descending comets, with a tail of foam, and compact body of water for its head. This soon splits, forms rapidly a number of other smaller

comets, which gradually split again until they become mere spray. A part of this changes into mist, and rises out of the valley of roar and struggle. Like a heavy cloud it is sometimes seen hovering over the scene of contest, and, in fair weather, little clouds now and then detach themselves from the larger mass, and rise to unite themselves with some high cloud of the sky, as if to tell the tale of the fearful contest below, and to sail away with it to calmer regions.

The rise of the mist depends much upon the state of the weather, the wind, and the time of the day. A very heavy spray often rises out of the deep basin, draws over Table Rock and drenches the trees. My observations respecting the forms of the water in descending, apply, of course, only to the outer parts. In the centre those heavy masses are precipitated, which reach the water below entire, and create the rumbling thunder which I mentioned. Behind the Central Fall, on Mr. Ingraham's path, I observed the same changes of forms, which, in fact, are very easily accounted for.

Here, at the foot of the south-eastern end of the Crescent, I heard again, and very clearly and

distinctly, the third sound peculiar to the Falls. The deep roaring tone, with the thunders between, I have mentioned before; but if you go very near to the water, you hear now and then a shrill piercing sound very much like the horn or trumpet of one of our stage-coachmen, or of the guards of the mail, as I have heard them in London, when hurrying along the Strand. I have not found this peculiar noise of the cataract mentioned any where, yet I am sure that I do not deceive myself; for I have repeatedly noticed them, and found my observation confirmed by several other persons whose attention I had directed to the subject. It is necessary to listen with some attention, otherwise the sound is swallowed up by the overpowering general noise. It seems to me not difficult to explain it: among the endless forms which the water must adopt in this constant and violent motion, it can be easily imagined, that sometimes a mass of water happens to include a quantity of compressed air, which, if opportunity offers, escapes through a small opening, producing this disagreeable shriek, well comparable to the trumpets of evil spirits sounding from the abyss of torment.

A staircase leads from the brink of the eastern bank, and a steep path from the top of the western bank to the ferry-houses below. I have suggested, that, to save the trouble of descending and ascending, an apparatus should be constructed for hoisting visitors up and down in a large comfortable basket on iron chains. It is done in mines, why should it not be practicable here? and a fine view would be afforded by this means during the whole time of descent. Architects, when engaged in building high steeples, often resort to this means, when otherwise the superintending of the work might easily throw them into a consumption. I have seen the scene-painter of the Theatre Royal in Berlin, flitting up and down in a seat of this kind.

Another staircase, leading from the brink of Goat Island to the water below, I have mentioned already. It has its name from Mr. Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia, at whose expense it was erected; and though the expense cannot have been small, it is an excellent investment, bringing interest such as few capitals do. No traveller can leave this sacred spot of nature without feeling grateful to Mr. Biddle,

since, in fact, some of the best views and spots of observation have thus been rendered accessible to the traveller. The path behind the Central Fall, the walk to the foot of the southeastern end of the Crescent, the best views of the Cataract from below, the true views of a waterfall, have thus been presented to us, because it is only by way of this staircase that we can reach the respective point, except by means of boats, which are troublesome and expensive.

Some of the best views of the Cataract are—from above, from Table Rock and Terrapin bridge,—at a distance, from the point where the path winds down from the brink of the Canada bank; from below, from the ferry, where the staircase on the United States side reaches the rocks below, from the window of the Biddle Staircase, and at its foot. Quite at a distance, a noble prospect presents itself on a certain spot, about two miles from the Falls on the road to Lewiston. A vista through the forest gives you a view of the Cataract, and as all greatness, physical or moral, requires distance for its full impression, so also does the Cataract appear to you on this spot in still more solemn grandeur.

I went with a party to the whirlpool, where

the waters abruptly turn from a north-westerly course, to a north-easterly, and so swift is the current that the water, sweeping round the corner of the ravine, actually does not find time to put itself on a level, so that you have before you the peculiar phenomenon of a river having in its middle a high water ridge, which I must consider from seven to eight feet high at least ; for it can be seen very distinctly from the crest of the bank—here so high that large timbers in the river look like little sticks, and the waves of the rapids, which are very high, appear quite small.

There are yet many interesting subjects connected with Niagara—the Rapids, the Whirlpool, many vistas and phenomena which ought to be detailed, had I promised a picture or even a complete sketch. Take the whole I have given you as a hasty *croquis*, of which I have filled up certain parts only. The work of Mr. Ingraham will be so complete, that I should unnecessarily tax your time, were I to describe more. But however correct his work may be, certain it is that no description can give a satisfactory idea of many traits of the great Cataract. Sound, movement, colour,

form, cannot be conveyed upon paper, so as to burst upon you like Niagara itself.

There have been fought some battles, even near Niagara, but they are not of sufficient importance to add an historical interest to the scene. It is essentially a phenomenon of nature, and if you view it as such in connexion with the whole chain of lakes and waters of the west, it will stand before you as one of the noblest works of nature which man can behold.

From the moment when you first see Niagara, to the hour when you leave it, one of the great characteristics with which it strikes the soul of man, is that, like the sea or the Alps, it does and will exist without him. He cannot change it; it spurns his skill and power, nor does it heed thunder or season or time. The changes it undergoes are worked upon itself by its own unconquerable force.

Niagara, besides uniting the characteristic of grave solemnity with that of continued and rapid motion, stands before you like a giant thing, alone but perfect in its construction. The sea affects us by its boundlessness, and its thousand historical and geographical associations; by its horror and destruction at some times, and

its graceful movements and refreshing coolness at others, and by the depth of its womb filled with the elements of life ; Niagara affects us by its power, its horror, its grace, and its gigantic beauty all united.

Where there is so much motion, so vast a subject presenting itself under such a variety of aspects, you cannot exhaust the interest of the subject, and of the new views and phenomena which are continually arising to your notice, and the longer you tarry the dearer Niagara becomes to you.

As Niagara is essentially a beauty of nature, and on a narrow spot in the new world, it is in my mind the counter picture to the view which I enjoyed from the tower of Acrocorinth, which, indeed, is one of the finest on earth for natural scenery ; yet it is history which mainly bursts upon you there, as nature at Niagara. I have been, I think, the first traveller since Sir George Wheler, who has entered the castle of the Acrocorinth and given a public account of it.*

* The jealousy of the Turks allowed no foreigner to visit the Acrocorinth as long as they had the sway over Greece. The author visited that country soon after the expulsion of the Turks : Sir George Wheler travelled in the Morea when it was in the power of Venice.—EDITOR.

Wheler visited the castle at about 1680, and I was there in February of 1821. Have you read the description I gave in my journal on Greece? Perhaps not; here it is:

“ The view from this tower richly rewarded me for my trouble. I have spoken several times in this small volume of beautiful prospects, but why should I not do it here again, when the country is so rich in them?—It is true, what Strabo says, that in the north you have a view of the high and white Helicon and Parnassus, with their long and beautifully delineated chains, upon which rests the softening azure haze or ether of a southern climate. In the west extends the Bay of Corinth as far as Crissa, along it the ridge of Cithæron, and the Alcyonian Sea with the Olmiæan Promontory. In the east the Saronic Gulf washes the islands of Salamis and Ægina, toward the north-east, the shores of Attica. There were before us Pentelicus, Hy-mettus, and Laurion, even down to the Cape of Sunium. The day was serene; we could discern the Acropolis. In the south I looked far into the territory of the Argives, in the west I saw Achaia and Sicyonia. In one view around me I beheld the spots where the best art, science

and valour of favoured Greece had dwelt and flourished.

“ Beautiful as the extraordinary view was from this chosen spot, justly sacred to Helius, the god of the sun—of light and beauty, it was not less instructive for a clear geographical perception. The many peaks and mountains, with distinguishing forms, afford you convenient points for so vast a panorama, and after a short time you are enabled to impress upon your mind a very distinct image. What a field we viewed ! Sicyonia, Achaia, Locris, Phocis, Bœotia, Megara, Attica, Salamis, Ægina, Argolis and Corinth, and beneath us the Isthmus with Lechæum and Cenchreæ, and the spot where the ivy and pine rewarded the Isthmian victor.”—History was concentrated here as art is in the *Tribuna* in Florence. Greece lay around me like one great epic, while Niagara is like a powerful ode, a rhapsody in which nature herself has seized the mighty harp and plays a rapturous tune.

FINIS.

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